

Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OVER 500,000 COPIES
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Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

October 9, 1943

PRICE

3d

A BIG DAY FOR *Mr. Vane*

By ...
EDWARD STEVENSON

IT was J. Hamilton Vane's day of triumph, and he was enjoying it. It wasn't often that a company installed as its general manager, after luring him away from a rival firm, the ex-clerk it had once ignominiously fired.

Throughout the morning Flexo Steel's officialdom paraded in and out of his office, offering congratulations.

"The King is dead," Vane mused pleasantly. "Long live the King." J. Hamilton (born plain John) Vane felt very happy about the whole thing. Not bad for a man barely turned forty. Not bad at all.

He looked up as Miss Sherrill, his secretary, came into the office. "Well, Sherry," he said, grinning boyishly. "Have I run out of admirers?"

"I think that clears them up, J.H.," she replied. "Unless you'd like to see a delegation of office boys." "I believe I'll skip the office boys."

He lit a cigar and took a couple of satisfied puffs. "I think I'm going to like it here, Sherry. Flexo's big enough to be fun."

Ruth Sherrill smiled. J.H. was an overgrown kid; shrewd, hard-boiled, ruthless when he had to be—but still a kid. And Flexo was a new toy. It would be fun all right. For him. But not for Flexo's competitors. And maybe not for Calvin Henderson.

The Henderson business had really surprised her. Eighteen years was a long time to stay angry, even if you had a good grievance to begin

with. J.H. had his share of faults, but she had never suspected that vengefulness was one of them.

Ruth was a little ashamed of being in love with J.H. She had been with him for six years, and she knew that she had become as nearly indispensable, secretarily speaking, as anyone could. But he was hardly aware of her otherwise.

There was, however, some small solace in knowing that she had no rival; there was no other woman in J.H.'s life.

"I checked up on Henderson," she said, bringing her mind back to the present.

"Oh, did you?" J.H. had let his face relax—it was quite good-looking in repose—but now it reassumed its managerial contours. "What did you find out?"

"He's still here—doing business at the same old stand."

"Still chief clerk, eh? What is he like? How did he look?"

His curiosity was indecent. Ruth wished he wouldn't show such anticipatory rellish.

"I only saw him for a moment. I had an impression of someone who was neither particularly young nor particularly old."

"He's fifty-five if he's a day," she said. "There was grey at his temples, but his face, if you could overlook its austerity—seemed quite youthful."

"Next time I plan anything I'll ask your permission," Vane said ironically.

"Youthful! That old stick was sixty the day he was born."

He laughed, and Ruth had a vague suspicion he was warming up a grievance which had long ago gone solid and flat. There was just a hint of histrionics in his performance, as if he were not sure of himself. "Tell me," he demanded, "did you hear him speak? Did you hear that dry, pompous voice?"

"By heaven, I still hear that voice of his in my dreams. Waste not, want not."

"Time and Tide wait for no man." Send a memo to Calvin Henderson. Tell him I'll see him at three this afternoon."

"Yes, J.H."

Vane chuckled. "By George, firing that humbug will make my day complete. As Henderson himself would say, 'Everything comes to him who waits.' I've waited eighteen years for this. That's a long time, Sherry."

"A long time, J.H."

Vane shot a quick glance at her. Her expression was non-committal, but he thought he detected a note of disapproval in her voice. Well, what the deuce! Women didn't understand things like this.

He had lunch with two of Flexo's board members, and while they impressively analysed problems of wartime production his mind was filled with Calvin Henderson. He felt curiously defensive.

After all these years it was necessary to sell himself the idea of getting even with Old Cal.

He thought of the day Henderson dismissed him, and his anger began to glow with its old intensity. How ghastly he had felt that morning! Physically and mentally sick—though it was only the mental part that mattered. The physical was simply the result of piling one hang-over on top of another until his nerves were raw.

"You were late again this morning, Vane," Henderson had said. "Almost an hour late, as a matter of fact."

"Yes, sir." Now would come another of the chief clerk's interminable lectures, delivered in front of all the other clerks. "I'm sorry, sir." "Sorry, Vane? Regret is a pain-killer for fools."

"I was sick, sir. Couldn't get here sooner."

"Drunk, you mean. You're still half drunk," Henderson's face was set in dehumanised lines, but his manner was patriarchal. "My dear boy, don't you realise you're courting disaster? Don't you know a man can't be true to himself and John Barleycorn?"

Vane stared with fierce and painful concentration at the inspirational cards which lined the top of the chief clerk's roll-top desk.

"Do it now!" "Keep Smiling!" He did not reply to Henderson's question.

"It is my painful duty," Henderson went on, "to inform you that we must dispense with your services, Vane. You will report to the cashier and collect what is coming to you. And believe me, my dear man, when I say I have taken this step more in sorrow than in anger, more to protect the others than to punish you. One bad apple, you know, will spoil the whole barrel."

It was such a relief to escape the chief clerk's hectoring voice that Vane hardly paused to consider the seriousness of his plight. His head was pounding, his throat was a desert.

But the hard slats of a bench in City Hall Park brought him back to reality, and he began to take stock. It was a grim inventory. Without references, he would have a hard time getting another job.

He was angry, bitter, filled with a black hatred. It was Calvin Henderson who was responsible for his misfortune. And, by heaven, he would make Calvin Henderson pay for it if it was the last thing he did!

With the verdict reached and sentence imposed, Vane's spirits had begun to rise. He felt as if he had just decided a man's fate. As, in fact, he had—his own. At that moment Destiny had laid her hand on him. Then and there the New Vane was born, the Vane who was to evolve from plain John to J. Hamilton; from clerk to manager.

Vane could look back now with something like amusement on the weeks which followed that disastrous morning; but they hadn't seemed amusing at the time.

Nor was there anything comical about his desperation as he stood before Max Weiss, the owner of a little iron shop up in the Bronx, and blurted: "Look, I haven't any references. I was kicked out of my last job seven weeks ago. Never mind why; it isn't important any more. A different man was fired, not me. But I need a job. Give me a job, name your own price, and if you aren't satisfied at the end of the week fire me. It won't cost you anything."

Old Max was retired now and living in Florida, but he lingered long enough to see Max Weiss Iron Works strike terror in the hearts of its competitors.

It sounded easy in retrospect, but it had taken a lot of back-breaking, mind-curdling work to achieve his present success. Whenever the going seemed too tough all he had to do was remember Old Cal, with his dry, chiding voice, and obstacles simply evaporated.

And now Vane thought, the rumble of luncheon conversation bringing him back to the present, he was with Flexo Steel again, and the

vow he had made eighteen years ago was about to be kept.

On the way back from lunch one of his hosts winked at him. "Quite a secretary you've got, J.H. I don't blame you for bringing her with you. She's a regular glamor girl." Vane laughed good-naturedly. The fine lunch and his approaching audience with Henderson mellowed him. A glamor girl, eh?

He'd have to tell Sherry about that. Come to think of it, Sherry was a good-looking girl. Funny he had never occurred to him before.

Ruth Sherrill was placing some papers in his confidential file as he came into the office. She glanced up quickly and two delicate pink stains spread across her cheeks. Good gracious, she was even prettier than he had thought; disconcertingly pretty. It was unnerving to discover he'd been harboring a beautiful woman all these years!

Please turn to page 14



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Beam to BRAZIL

By ...
RICHARD SALE

RICK MARTIN, lively radio engineer, runs into danger and trouble when MIKE HARRINGTON, director of Trans-American Airlines, sends him to Brazil with CHARLIE COLES, civil engineer, to take over the erection of a radio beam station for guiding reinforcement planes to North Africa.

DANIEL BELLEW, engineer on the job, has been shot—probably murdered; lovely and attractive JENNIFER PECKHAM, executive officer, is mysteriously hostile; and, although Harrington has insisted that speed is essential, GEORGE CARSTAIRS, previously in charge, says that night work is not permitted.

Over the telephone, he invites Rick and Charlie to dine with him.

Now read on:

WHEN Rick hung up, Charlie came out of the bathroom with boots and breeches on, buttoning up an old shirt as he walked.

"That," Rick said, "won't do. We're not going out to the Point."

"Why not?"

"Because the Army says 'no.' Or, rather, Carstairs says the Army says 'no.' Anyway, we're having dinner with him here at the Cadis in half an hour. Dinner jacket."

Charlie said bleakly, "What is a dinner jacket?"

"I didn't bring one, either."

"I didn't know we were going to trip the light fandango," Charlie said. "I brought working clothes. We did come to build a radio station, didn't we?"

"I thought so," Rick said. "Wear your white linen suit. I'll do the same."

"Will there be dames at this bread-breaking?"

"I don't know."

"Look, Rick, you aren't giving me the needle, are you? This isn't something you set up so's you could hold hands with the female Marconi, is it?"

"So help me, Charlie, it was Carstairs' idea. I want to get out to the Point as much as you do. He said it was no dice out there. Nothing but bullets and blackness."

"Well, of course, that is an excellent argument against it."

"You get dressed and wait for me. I'm nearly dressed now. I'm going down to the local constabulary to ask a question or two about Danny Bellew. If I'm not back within an hour—"

"I know—omit flowers."

A doorman took him, very slowly in the dark, to the headquarters of the Guardia Civil, where, after prolonged explanation to the desk sergeant, he was introduced to Eduardo Lopez, a captain of police.

Lopez was a Puerto Rican with sharp dark eyes and a courteous smile. "You may speak English, of course, Senior Martin. We are more sophisticated than you may have suspected. . . . Yes, these credentials of yours are quite in order. You are taking over the work at Pompano Point?"

"I am," Rick said. "And in connection with that, I wanted to find out what had happened to the engineer on the project? Bellew. We had a wireless stating he had been murdered."

Lopez placed his finger-tips together and looked bland. "It is possible. It is also possible that he shot himself."

"Twice?"

Lopez looked pleased. "That is very good. . . . As a matter of fact,

he could have shot himself twice, because one was a chest wound which did not kill him, and the other went through his head. The pistol was found beside him. But it is all in the way you look at it. If you are a realist—"

"I am a realist."

"Buena. If you are a realist, there can be no doubt but that he was murdered. Otherwise, why would he have journeyed to the postholes in the cliff under Pompano Point? You see, senior? A very remote place. It is conceivable he would wish solitude for suicide, but it is more conceivable that his slayer would prefer not to have him found. He had been dead one week, at least, when he was found."

"In other words," Rick said, "the set-up was suicide, just in case he was found, but it would have been better, from the murderer's viewpoint, if he had not been found."

"Exactly. It was mere chance our finding him. A fisherman was rounding Pompano when his engine broke down and he was forced to anchor off Pompano, with the result that he espied the dead man while he made repairs there, and informed us upon his return."

"Otherwise, Dan Bellew would just have been listed as missing."

Lopez looked very happy. "I think that expresses it, senior."

"All right. What's your guess?"

Lopez shrugged. "What good are guesses?"

"A friend of mine suggested that some local swain might be very jealous of a rival's attentions to his best girl."

"I said," Lopez replied smoothly, "to find a woman in Senior Bellew's stay in Ponce, except for his private secretary, a Senorita Lorrillard, who is an employee of Trans-American. Since she is unattached, the theory is no good."

"I like you," Rick said. "There's no manana philosophy in the way you approach things."

"Thank you," Lopez smiled. "Perhaps, fresh from America, you expected something more provincial in the local police."

"Maybe I did," Rick said. "In any case, we still haven't made enough guesses."

"I don't believe in guesses."

"Do you expect to solve the case?"

"Unfortunately, no."

Rick frowned. "I only pursue the subject because I now hold the responsibility for the project on Pompano, and I'd like very much to avoid keeping company with Senior Bellew."

"My friend," replied Lopez, "I will show you something."

He unlocked a drawer and brought out some effects. Keys, a wallet, money, several papers. He unfolded one of the papers and handed it to Rick. It turned out to be a cheque. It was drawn on a local bank. It was made out to Daniel Bellew. The sum was one thousand dollars. It was signed by Luigi Annunziata, an American citizen, for all his Roman name. I have reason to believe that it was established, pre-war, by Hans Steig, a German military agent, who passed through Puerto in his round of the Caribbees, organizing espionage and sabotage nets for The Day."

"The effects of the dead man," Lopez remarked. "Very carelessly left on his person. This Rare Stamp Association is a dubious corporation headed by Luigi Annunziata, an American citizen, for all his Roman name. I have reason to believe that it was established, pre-war, by Hans Steig, a German military agent, who passed through Puerto in his round of the Caribbees, organizing espionage and sabotage nets for The Day."

"The U.S. Army is in control of



A figure stepped from the shadows, thrusting Rick backwards as the car approached.

this island," Rick said. "Why wasn't the company put out of business?"

"Because there have been no grounds to date. It functions still as a harmless stamp-collecting company. Lieutenant-Commander Stevens, of the cruiser Macon, thought he had a lead when he was here. But the Macon sailed with sealed orders just the other day." Lopez smiled faintly. "Senior Bellew must have had a valuable stamp to sell them, no?"

"No."

"You see what I am up against."

"I'm beginning to."

"I can give you only one advice, Senior Martin. You allow me the honor of arranging for you a pistol permit, while you acquire a pistol."

"And then?"

"Then," replied Lopez quietly, "be sure that you are not the one who fires second. You understand?"

Rick nodded. He smiled thinly and got to his feet. They shook hands. Lopez's eyes were level and sober. "Many thanks."

"Nothing at all," Lopez said graciously. "If you need me . . ."

"That may be," Rick nodded, and left.

So the U.S.S. Macon had sailed with sealed orders, Rick thought. A sense of urgency seized him. The ship—one of many—was on the way to Africa. And he still had a radio station to build, to join in that operation. Time was flying.

As Rick stepped into the street he saw a car start up down the block and start rolling towards him. Just before it came abreast a figure stepped out the shadows, placed a hand against Rick's chest, thrusting him backwards down to the sidewalk. Three shots rattled over their heads. A woman nearby turned to look on with mild interest. The car disappeared down the street.

"Sorry," the figure said, and Rick saw that he was a lieutenant. He stared after the car. "That does it," he murmured. "Annunziata. I caught him in the act."

"You don't have to apologise to me for saving my life," Rick said, climbing to his feet. He was dazed at the brevity of the whole action. "What in heck happened?"

"Sorry," the lieutenant said. "My name is Marks. G-2 Military Intelligence. We're doggo on the spot, waiting to grab an important top man. Can't explain, not even to the intended victim. But just keep your eyes opened and your hair parted, Martin. This is a rough game being played, down here."

"Military Intelligence?" Rick said. "You mean G-2 is keeping an angel eye on poor little me and my job?"

"We're after Hans Steig," Lieutenant Marks said. "And he is after you. Don't forget it. Good night."

"I guess," Rick said. "Hans isn't going to let me forget it, lieutenant. Thanks for the respite. Good night."

Rick could hear the band playing as he crossed the lobby of the Casa Cadis to the Marine Room entrance. The band was playing the Lord and passing the ammunition, and the golden horn might have been in the Royal Palm at Miami instead of at blacked-out Ponce, on the Puerto Rican south coast.

Nor was there evidence of black-

out in the Marine Room. Its windows had been covered, and it was ablaze with lights, which reflected on islands of white-clothed tables set around a lake-like dance floor. Couples danced in a trap of beautiful, vari-colored lights.

"Hey, droopy," Charlie called, striding to him. "The party is over here. We are having such a gay time. . . . What'd you find out down at the hoosegow?"

"A thing or two," Rick said. "For one thing, Military Intelligence seems to be on the spot in a quiet sort of way. I just met a G-2 blue-foot and he was a most efficient guy! They're keeping low, I think, until they nail their man. . . . Later I'll tell all. What cooks here?"

"The joint," said Charlie, "is crawling with dames. Carstairs said he thought it would be good for morale. Ha, I guess. Not mine. The gal he got for me is a gay divorcee from Kalamazoo, and we eye each other as if she were a mongoose and I were a cobra. Get us out of this charivari, will you?"

"As soon as we eat," Rick said. "We get out."

"Good."

Please turn to page 4

How do I keep so fit and well?



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CHARLIE led him through the labyrinth of passages between the tables. He saw Jennifer Peckham, and she took his breath away again. She was out of slacks and into a silvered evening gown, her white blond hair flowing to her shoulders, and glittering with a thousand highlights.

"Hi, Jennie," he said. She looked at him warily. "Hello," she said. The man beside her had risen. "This is George Carstairs. George, Rick Martin."

They shook hands. Carstairs smiled and met Rick's eyes. His handclasp was firm. He was, Rick thought, a handsome sort of lad. "Glad you got here, Martin," Carstairs said easily. "We were beginning to think you were lost in the blackout. Over there is Mrs. Wycoff. Peckham's roommate."

Rick acknowledged her perfunctorily and let it go at that. He turned to Carstairs. "I wanted to talk to you. I thought we were going to be alone."

Carstairs said, "But there's nothing particularly confidential here. We're all T.A.A. employees. Ruth Wycoff is in the passenger department. Peckham is communications chief. You're the boss. And I—to tell the truth, I'm dubious as to my own place. Mike didn't say. Am I supposed to knock off?"

Rick said, "I want you to help me, if you will."

"That's settled then," said Carstairs grandly. "Glad to."

"I can do it without you," Rick said factually, "but I'd much rather do it with you. We can do it twice as fast."

Jennifer smiled coldly. "That's very sweet of you. Of course, George is one of the best radio engineers T.A.A. ever had on the pay roll."

Beam to Brazil

Continued from page 3

"Not at all," Carstairs said, embarrassed by her ardor. "Let's eat."

Rick felt color in his face. He ignored Peckham and ate. He found himself getting hot. First he just got mad at Peckham. Then he got mad at everything; at the spotless white table and the delicious food; at the mellow band, and the dancers on the floor. Fiddling while Rome burned. Rome was burning this night. A military operation was under way.

The Macon had sailed from Ponoe. Lopez had said. Yes, and many other warships had sailed from many other ports. Transports, loaded with the finest infantry and armor and engineers, were at sea. But the sky was empty. Transport aircraft, being swifter, did not have to start so soon. They would come on the seventh, at zero hour. They would come in numbers to shadow Ponoe, looking for a radio beam to ride safely to Natal, Brazil. And if it wasn't there.

"What happened to Bellew?" Rick asked suddenly.

He was staring at Carstairs.

Carstairs said, "Let's talk about it later."

"I haven't any time later," Rick said.

"I have some harsh things to say about Dan," said Carstairs. "It doesn't seem to be the appropriate place."

"After all, George," Mrs. Wycoff spoke up dryly, "there's nothing particularly confidential here. Just one big happy family."

Rick looked at her in surprise . . . of all people. She was older than Jennie, more Charlie's style. Handsome rather than pretty, with a single grey swathe across her black hair.

"Hoist with my own petard, eh?" George Carstairs remarked, smiling pleasantly. "Very well, Martin. Although it does seem a shame to spoil a pretty little party with the gory details."

"The pretty little party is touching welcome to Ponoe," Rick said. "In other terms I'd enjoy it. As it is, I'm restless."

"Well, the fact of the matter is that I was responsible for Dan Bellew's death," George Carstairs said.

RUTH WYCOFF

rose and tugged Charlie to the dance floor. "The less you know the less you worry," she said. They went off. Jennifer did not move.

"You were?" Rick said, unimpressed.

"Yes, I discovered that Dan Bellew was slowing down the job. He was doing more than slowing down the job." Carstairs tapped the table emphatically.

"He was actually sabotaging the job. I didn't have any proof that he was doing it, but there wasn't anyone else who was capable of doing it, except either Mex Vane or myself."

"Who is Mex Vane?"

"Mex is the boss of the hired men. A rather hard-boiled, two-fisted rogue who doesn't like to be bossed himself. But he can handle the men, and he works them well. Furthermore, he was absolutely trustworthy, and still is. It had to be Bellew."

"I take it," Rick said carefully, "you didn't actually do the shooting of Bellew?"

Carstairs looked at him. "He killed himself."

"There's a theory to that effect. There are also other theories."

"I prefer the suicide theory because it's logical. When I realised the many little things that had slowed down the job, I decided to take a long shot. I didn't have any proof, but I got him at the hotel and told him I knew what he was doing. I knew he was in the pay of someone who wanted the station non-existent and that I had evidence to back up the charge, and was going to turn the whole thing over to the military. At first he blustered, then he threatened. I don't threaten easily."

"We have," Rick mentioned evenly, "that in common."

"The bluff worked, anyway," Carstairs said. "He walked out and disappeared. That was a week ago. I thought he had flown the island. But I certainly wasn't surprised when he turned up dead by his own hand. He didn't have much choice."

Rick's face had no vestige of expression. "Was there any particular circumstance which prompted you to call this show-down a week ago?"

"OKAY," Rick said. "That's that, then. I want to get out to Pompano Point at daybreak to-morrow. Jennie, I want you to issue me four arc lamps, and an Aldis lamp. You get them over to me to-morrow as fast as you can."

She restrained her reply. "Very well."

"What? No argument or advice?" he smiled.

"None," she said.

"Thanks."

"Not at all," she said. "You're the ab-boss." And she shrugged.

"Sweet of you to concede it," he said dryly. He smiled indulgently at Carstairs, who looked amused.

"Very fine dinner, Carstairs, for which my humble thanks. I'll tuck just one dance under my belt and be on my way. Rest for the weary, and something to take care of." He rose and nodded to Jennifer. "If you please, professor."

"I really don't think . . . she began lamely.

"I'm—ab—the boss, as you said," Rick replied.

She surrendered. He put his arm around her and took her off away from the table.

"Hm-m," he said.

"Something wrong?"

"Uh-uh," he said. "You dance very efficiently."

"I try to be efficient," she said stiffly.

"Nothing like efficiency," he said. "Wonderful stuff. In small doses I wonder if you would mind telling me why you regard me as the alien who forgot to register?"

"My regard for you is purely of a business nature," she said.

"Are you in love with George? Is that why you're sore at me?"

"I'm in love with no one," she replied. "Though it is none of your affair. There is no time for trivialities in days like these."

"Then how come I'm the man without a country?"

She dropped her eyes and pursed her lips. "May I be frank?"

"Devastate me."

"I don't like bootlickers," she replied.

"They danced in silence for a few moments. 'Now, look,' he said finally, 'just because George Carstairs is a well-meaning but incompetent guy who failed to—'

"He's not incompetent," she said with fire. "Who are you to say George is incompetent? Have you had any sort of record in radio engineering? Not an iota. You're a junior engineer. Juniors don't get assigned to jobs like this one unless they bootlick or have political influence inside the company. You bootlicked Mike Harrington and cut George's throat. Just to look out for your career. Dan Bellew was the man who broke this job, and George has to swing for it for speed?"

"If I were he I wouldn't be so pleasant to a man who cut under him and took advantage of someone else's perfidy."

"Please turn to page 14"

Careful Spending



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I MUST HAVE ROMANCE

CAROL WINTER was darning stockings. She was a slight girl with an eager face, that made you think something could be made of her. Only it never had. She was disastrously shabby, merely from lack of ready money.

When she got the bureau message she couldn't believe her good fortune. Private secretary to the lovely, the glamorous Christine Romare, whose fan she had been ever since she started going to the pictures. Who lived in a suite in a fashionable hotel.

Carol couldn't understand why Miss Bell had chosen her for such a job. All Bell's Bureau had got for her so far had been in a jam, and later a linoleum factory.

She didn't keep either of the sweet posts for long. Unless Carol managed to remain in the next place for at least a year, Miss Bell indicated that the bureau could do nothing more for her.

She did wish she had a new dress, or even just a new hat, to create a good impression on Christine Romare, but since she hadn't, she crushed up the old one, and tugged her hat into a jaunty curve, and went, hoping for the best.

Christine Romare was one of those women on whose features time can write very little, because of the massage, who rubs it all out next morning. She had everything the advertisements promise—a school-girl complexion, a skin you love to touch, and a figure eternally eighteen. She floated in a negligee designed to show up the blue of her eyes.

Carol was stricken speechless. She had always known Christine was lovely, but she hadn't been prepared for her to be quite so breathtaking, just in the home.

Christine laughed. "Well, What are you staring at?" she asked, good-naturedly. But she knew. And she was pleased. The last girl who'd worked for her had been bold as brass, and a near-blonde herself.

"You look youngish," she said. "But I guess you'll do. Come right along and I'll show you what you'll have to cope with."

There was fan mail everywhere. Baskets of it, and bundles tied together, and even parcels containing little gifts.

"My last girl left in a hurry," Christine explained. "She got swelled head. We were sort of allergic to one another, you know."

Carol nodded as if she knew, though she had never heard of the curious complaint before.

"Begging letters you take no notice of. Burn them. They are all of them frauds and impostors. Love letters you just write a nice little personal reply to. Say I'm deeply touched, and so on. I feel sure you'll know just what to say. I've got an hour with my masseuse now. I'll come back afterwards and see how you are getting on."

Carol hung her coat and hat behind the door, bitterly aware that they looked like a case of suicide; then she settled down to work.

Christine's fan mail was an eye-opener to a girl. Never had Carol dreamed there were so many loving hearts going a-begging. How could it be, when so many girls she knew longed for an admirer, and didn't have one! But hers not to think. She had to get on with the letters.

She was diffident at first. Whole-sale marmalade she knew all about, also linoleum in the bulk. Mass emotion was something new, but she soon warmed to her task.

"How sorry I am I cannot join you in Ontario," she wrote to a young man. "Indeed, I would like to very much, and I shall always remember and think of you kindly."

To the screen-struck typist she wrote sympathetically:

"Celluloid glamor isn't very lasting, my dear. I would advise you to stick to your own job, and one day you will get a better sweetheart than a make-believe one."

Say, you certainly have got the right idea," said Christine, not without admiration. She glanced through two or three, but after that opened them blindly. She hadn't said anything about salary up till then. Carol had been wondering if she had any chance of getting three pounds, when Christine told her casually she'd get five. It's the

Film star Christine thought her beauty and glamor could play eternal havoc with men's hearts.

By . . .

DOROTHY BLACK

sort of thing that happens once in a lifetime. Carol walked home feeling light as thistledown.

Christine perched on the edge of a chair in her blue gown. She had had a headache, but now it was over, and, going through the day's fan mail, she gave Carol tips on life and love. Christine knew a good bit about both, for whatever age she was (and Carol often wondered, but Christine locked her passport up), it wasn't twenty. And she had had three husbands and was contemplating a fourth.

"Yes, I've had countless admirers," said Christine, with a far-away look in her eyes. "You wouldn't believe it, but Freddie, my first husband, still hangs around. He's forever turning up. With a suitcase. That's Freddie's photograph on the piano. I don't know why I carry it around. I've got so used to seeing it there."

Carol looked at Freddie. He was neither glamorous nor young.

"Then I met Julian," said Christine.

Carol sat, chin in hand, drinking it in. This was as good as a library book, and there was nothing to pay for it.

"We were happy for quite a while, Julian and I," said Christine. "Samoa, Hawaii, Bermuda. We had a swell time. Maybe I could have stayed married to Julian if he hadn't talked so much about fish. A keen fisherman Julian was, and I've always been allergic to fishes. So I got rid of him, and married Desmond. He was an Irishman, and he had charm all right. And was he a story-teller? Julian's fish stories were nothing compared with Desmond's conversation. He'd lied so much and for so long that he just didn't know the truth, even when he met it face to face."

"Our marriage only lasted a year. A year," said Miss Romare, "of Desmond was about as much as any girl could stand up to."

"What happened to Julian?" Carol asked.

"Oh, he returned to his early love. Through all the years, there she had been. Waiting. I hear they've settled down quite happily, all forgiven and forgotten," Christine laughed. "It wouldn't suit me. I've got to have romance."

Carol said nothing.

"Desmond," Christine went on, "was just a big mistake in ornamental wrappings. It was after that I met the only man in the world. The moment I saw him I knew. You'll see him one of these days. Danny Trenton."

She smiled to herself, her ageless smile.

PART of Carol's unexpectedly good salary was spent on new clothes, and she had her hair waved. The transformation took place while Christine was away in Torquay, shooting a tropical scene that needed palms and a background of sea.

There had been a good bit to do getting Christine off safely, and Carol had got a bit behind-hand with the correspondence, but now she had plenty of time to get up to date again.

At last it had to be faced. There was no use trying to hide from it any more. The letter she had three times put at the bottom of the basket had risen to the top again. And no matter how hard she tried to steel herself against it, it still made her cry.

"Miss Romare," wrote the woman from Brixton. "I have never in my life asked anyone for money before and I wouldn't do it now if it was for myself, but it's not. It's for Timothy. He's got to go to the sea if I'm ever going to raise him at all, and he's all I have. He's never really pulled up since he had pneumonia last winter. Pneumonia is hard on a kid of two. I was just

at my wits' end to know what to do when I thought about you. It was like a message. You've always meant rather a lot to me, so sweet and so beautiful, and going to see pictures with you in them has been about the only pleasure I've had since my husband was lost at sea—but you won't want to hear all that."

"I'll just say what I have to say and be done with it. Will you lend me five pounds? I haven't another friend in the world who has five pounds to lend. If I had that much I could take Timmy down to the sea for a fortnight, and then, maybe, he'll pick up. I'll work my fingers to the bone to pay you back. Though I can't give you any security but my word, I've never broken my word to anyone yet."

Carol had tried her best to interest Christine in that letter.

"I'm sure this one is genuine," she said.

Christine had picked it up and glanced through it, but she was not impressed.

"Asking for money? Burn it. I'll bet she's sent them out by the dozen. You don't know this game like I do."

"Oh, Miss Romare, I'm sure—"

"You've got to harden your heart, or you get nowhere."

It wasn't any use, Carol couldn't harden her heart over this. She opened her bag. Christine had paid her before she went to Torquay. Five crisp new notes lay there, and some silver left over from last week. She pinned the notes to a blank sheet of paper, her heart beating as if she were committing a felony, but she would leave her short of money, but she could delve into her savings fund.

A voice said, "Miss Romare in?"

Carol jumped as if she had been caught picking a lock, and sprang to her feet, guilt on every feature. The young man laughed. He was tall and spare, and very loosely put together, with humorous blue eyes and high cheek-bones.

"I'm not a burglar," he said. "Don't be scared. I'm a friend of Miss Romare's—Danny Trenton."

So this was the only man in the world!

"She's in Torquay," said Carol. "She didn't say you were coming."

"She didn't know. I got back earlier than I expected." He didn't take much notice of Carol, but she wasn't surprised. Men never did. He mooned round, saying it was a nice place Christine had, and what on earth did all those letters mean.

"Fan mail," said Carol.

He leaned over the table, and there was the sheet of paper with the five pounds pinned to it, and the en-

velope addressed to the woman in Brixton. On the paper Carol had simply written, "From a friend."

"What's all this?" he asked.

Carol turned very pink, but she hadn't time to say anything, because he was reading the woman's letter for himself.

"Good old Christine," he said, softly. "She's got a heart of gold, though she pretends she's so hard boiled. Stick that in along with it."

He threw five more one pound notes on to the table.

Carol was too excited for the moment to think of anything but the woman from Brixton's surprise and delight when she got the letter.

"Do you think I could have some tea?" asked Danny Trenton.

She got out the cups, and prepared to make him some.

Over the teacups they talked as if they had known each other for years. He learnt that she lived all alone and got five pounds a week from Christine, and thought it a lot. And that she thought Christine the most beautiful person in the world, and the most wonderful.

When he went he took the letter to the woman in Brixton with him to register it. He said it wasn't wise to send notes unregistered through the post.

They made a handsome couple together, both of them so tall and fair. But it was quite obvious Christine was much older than he

"Yes, I've had countless admirers," said Christine, with a far-away look in her eyes.

was; and for the first time Carol began to do sums, and put two and two together, and she couldn't see how Christine could possibly be less than forty.

When Christine saw the new hair-dressing Carol had got, and her make-up, she started abruptly, so that Carol couldn't be quite sure she was pleased. And over the room Danny stared at her also, and there was no doubt about it. He was.

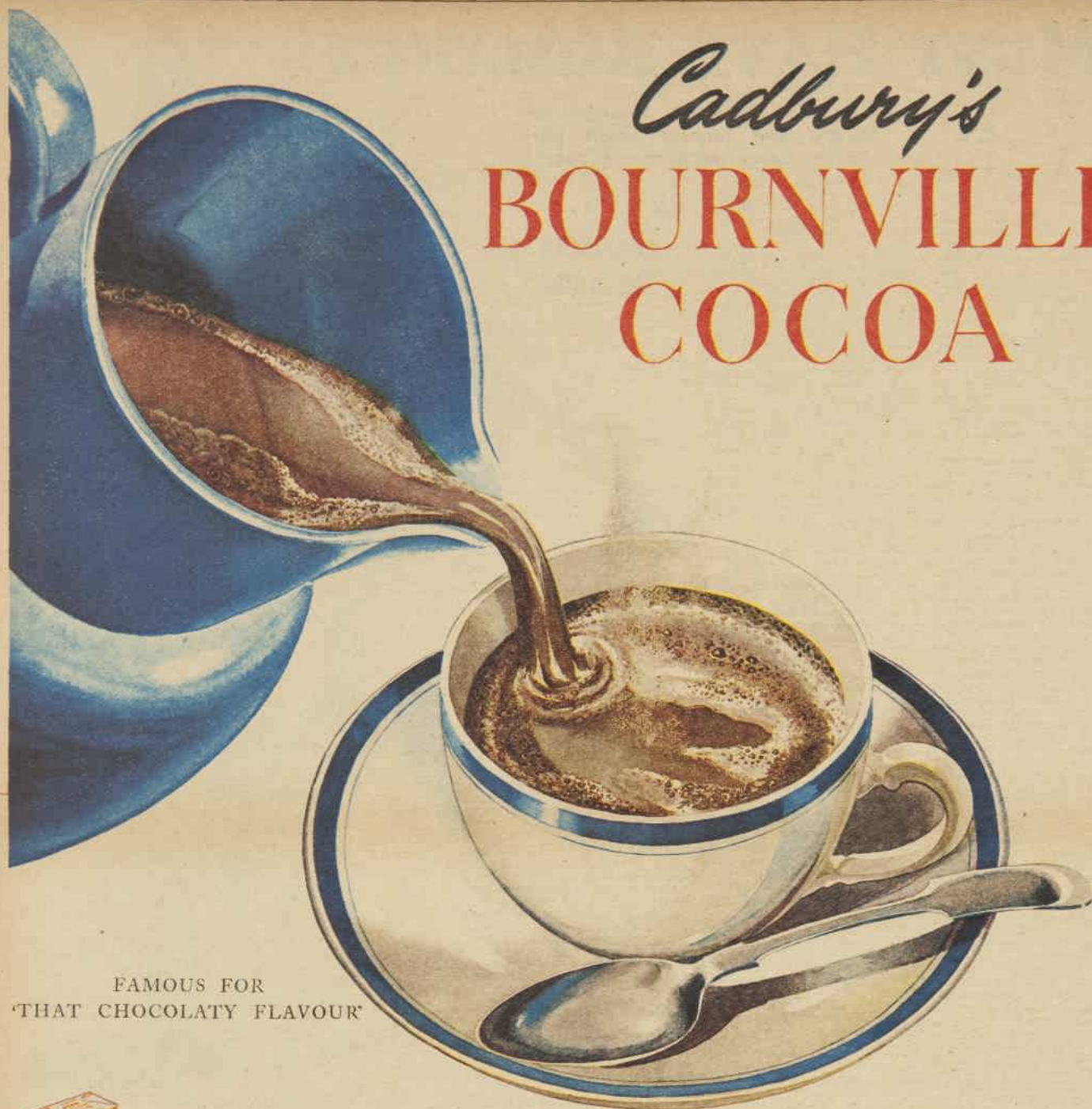
She told herself at first that it was just her imagination that Christine was less friendly. Naturally she hadn't the time to sit around and talk, and give free advice on life and love, now Danny had come. Carol didn't expect it.

Then one afternoon, Christine called Carol into the flower-decked sitting-room, where she had been entertaining Danny. The evening post had come, and in her hand Christine held a letter.

"What's the meaning of this?" she demanded, and her eyes were hard and angry. "Here is some woman writing a long tirade thanking me for ten pounds—I never sent anyone ten pounds."

Please turn to page 20





FAMOUS FOR
'THAT CHOCOLATY FLAVOUR'



Bournville has long been Australia's favourite cocoa—and no wonder. Its chocolaty flavour endears it to both the children and grownups. And it is as good for you as it is good to drink. A cup of Bournville is a cup of food, nourishing and energising. That is why huge quantities of Bournville Cocoa are required by the Government for our Fighting Forces.

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THE RAFT

Breaking in upon his day's crowded duties, there came a vital personal message.

IT was a thoroughly busy day, but no more so than usual when the weather was fine, and Harris liked it like this. Nothing bored him more as controller in a coastal command operations room than a "dud" watch.

D. J. Harris (D.J. to his friends) was forty-five years old. He had been a flier in the last war, and a strange sense of unrest when he found himself a civilian again in 1919 ended only with his marriage to Jean—the perfect companion. A year later their son was born.

Now, after a generation, the world was involved in another major war, destined to be, perhaps, more ghastly even than the last. His son was a flier now, as he himself had been in 1914. And he, Harris, D. J., had been called up in the Volunteer Reserve and was committed to a ground job—while young Tom was flying a thousand miles or more at night over enemy territory. Well, since it had to be, he wouldn't have wished it otherwise. But two generations—so young, yet—

As usual the watch had gone quickly and by noon a "flap" had started. A sudden call for the battle flight to intercept and attack some enemy surface vessels that information received had led the Admiralty to believe were making one of their few sorties into the North Sea.

The operations room was immediately the scene of immense activity, with a hundred and one small but vitally important details to be arranged.

The crews began to file into the room, and immediately a babel of talk added to the difficulties of listening and speaking on the phone. Harris started to explain to the pilots, between phone calls, the object of the search on which they were to set out, when a runner handed him a personal telegram. This was unusual and immediately he tore open the envelope and pulled out the sheet.

A pilot and two wireless operators from the crews fired questions at him. He went into the details of their duties in the event of certain problematical emergencies, found time in between to answer the phone a couple of times, and then looked round for his telegram. There it was, the message still unfolded, under a navigation sheet. He picked it up.

For a moment he stared at the teleprinted strip as if it had no meaning for him. The eyes saw it.

but the brain refused to take it in. This wasn't for—no, it couldn't be. "The Air Ministry regret to announce—"

And then a moment of intense bitterness, self-pity, hate. The phone rang; he didn't hear it. It rang again; the navigator answered it. "Excuse me, sir." He didn't hear. "Excuse me, sir." An orderly was speaking to him. He turned round almost savagely. "What is it?"

"Excuse me, sir, the receipt?" "The receipt? Oh, yes." Already his first mood was changing, and in a more kindly tone he added: "Sorry. Here you are," and hastily scribbled his initials on the envelope.

He was still dazed as far as his perception of things in the operations room went, but quick pictures were forming kaleidoscopically in his brain. Jean... Tom... the new squash court he had built...

The pilots and crews were beginning to file out in their heavy clothes and safety equipment, and he thought fiercely. "Thank goodness they're going. For pity's sake a moment of quiet. Let me think, let me think."

At that moment a young officer who for the last ten minutes had been busily deciphering a signal received by wireless came up to him and handed him the message. A quick glance showed him its importance, and automatically he turned to the phone that was connected direct to headquarters. He gave the handle a vicious twist.

"Hallo, controller? No, this is... here. SOS from E, sir. Position... time of origin 1248." "Right," came back the answer. "Hold on a minute."

As he held on to the phone, the words of the telegram hammered into his brain, and its full portent rushed over him... Tom had gone down in flames into the sea... lost at sea... scouting planes had abandoned the search...

By HUGH BOULTON

The voice of the controller snapped a quick order over the phone. He hadn't caught a word of it. "I—I'm sorry, sir. What was that, sir? Yes, sir. About half an hour... right, sir."

His mind was right back on the job again. Two more machines had to go out immediately to intercept the raiders on their way back, so the controller told him, while fighter command had in the meanwhile been informed, from which he knew that a flight of Spitfires had in all probability already left the ground.

His mind was composed now. He mustn't let Tom down. He must carry on... and Jean. Yes, Jean would expect him to carry on. Quickly he phoned the mess for the two pilots, the flight sergeant to get the aircraft out and the engines run up, then he turned to the navigator and together they bent over the chart while the latter marked out the tracks and worked out the distances and the estimated time of arrival back to base.

He longed to get alone to think, to adjust his thoughts, to reason quietly. Mercifully he was kept frantically busy and fully occupied, but even so it seemed as though those last two hours of his watch would never end.

That night Harris lay back on his bed, his eyes shut, trying to envelop himself in quiet; trying to deaden the cries of anguish, self-pity—yes, of hate, that were hammering through his brain. That way, he knew, lay madness. Besides it was letting Jean down, Tom. It was against everything he had ever tried to teach the lad. It was letting himself down.

A picture floated through his brain of himself and Jean and Tom on their first trip together to Switzerland. Tom was only twelve then, wasn't he? That Diavolezza tour. How well the kid had stood the long climb. That had been a happy holiday. They had all been! That grand week's yachting on the Broads at Easter—by jove, yes. What a happy life the kid had had!

School. He'd done well at school,

and then the Air Force—that's what he'd wanted, wasn't it? He muttered a small prayer: "Thank Heaven for every minute of his companionship!"

He got up then, put on a dressing-gown and turned on the electric heater and began to write to Jean. Jean was probably braver about this than he was. He mustn't let her down.

Five days later, the last before he changed to the night shift, he had been kept frantically busy in the operations room, though there had been no event of especial importance. He'd had a letter from Jean every day since that terrible morning. Wonderful letters, full of courage, love and understanding.

She was keeping on in her work in the canteen and two Canadians were coming over to spend the day on Sunday. He was glad of that. It would keep her mind occupied.

It was a quarter to three. In another few minutes the next controller would be coming in to take over. At that moment the wing-commander came in with his copilot. They were due to take off in another three-quarters of an hour to relieve an escort for a convoy up the coast.

"Hallo, Harris. Going off duty? Why don't you come up with us on this convoy. It's a grand day; it would do you good after fugging all morning in the ops. room."

He had been dreading the afternoon. He jumped at the invitation. They were due to overtake a large convoy on its way up to the Firth of Forth. The day was remarkably clear and he got a real delight watching the swiftly passing coastline and various ships that appeared to be steaming backwards.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by the wireless operator and he saw him hand a message sheet to the navigator, who immediately started to decipher it. This took but a few minutes when the clear version was passed to the wing-commander, who was piloting. Immediately the navigator started to plot a track on the chart with his dividers.

Harris got up and walked the few steps to the forward part of the cabin. The wing-commander passed him the small sheet of paper.

For a minute his heart leapt as he read the message: "Divert to ZAUR 2358. Carry out square search for raft. Remain as long as possible, then return to base." Then his face saddened as he realised that Tom had come to grief near the eastern shores of the North Sea, and besides, this was a raft, not a rubber dinghy.

He nodded to the wing-commander and forced himself to smile. "This is going to be interesting."

It didn't take long for the navigator to work out all the details and in another minute the plane heeled over in a sharp bank and headed out to sea. The position given was a hundred miles almost due east. That would take fifty minutes.

They began to climb so as to cover a bigger field of vision. The coast receded into the distance, looking very flat and misty. What ships there were began to look like tiny specks.

He began to speculate on how many there might be on board. How long they had been. Would they be still alive? Some poor wretched fishermen, he supposed, victims of the Germans' particular brand of "warfare." Lucky it was a calm day, anyway, but perhaps it hadn't been so calm when they had taken to the raft. Poor devils. How could they stand the bitter cold?

It was comparatively dull flying over the wide open spaces of the North Sea and the fifty minutes seemed to all of them more like two hours. But long before the indicated point was reached all eyes were peering hard, though only the navigator had binoculars. After all, the position given could only be approximate and it was so easy to miss.



Men were rising to their feet on the raft, waving excitedly to the plane.

And now they were at the point worked out by the navigator from which the search was to begin. Back and forth they went on tracks designed to cover the biggest possible area.

It was the air-gunner from his position half-way down the fuselage who spotted them, six miles ahead and astern. It had been a near thing to missing altogether. Had the sea been rough they would never have seen them. But on the gunner's word the wing-commander had changed course and in a matter of seconds the plane had covered the short distance and was over them.

No need for glasses now. It was quite a big and well-constructed raft with the deck high out of the water and about fifteen men on board. Obviously some small merchant vessel had met its fate at the hand of a U-boat or bomber. In the timber trade probably; hence the well-constructed raft.

Suddenly men were rising to their feet on the raft, waving excitedly to the plane as it approached. Others followed suit—all but one. That gave an indication that they were not badly exhausted. The single man who continued to lie down was probably hurt.

Please turn to page 20



GUARD HER HEALTH

Health begins in childhood—and so, often, does constipation. Keep your children free from constipation with Nyal FIGSEN, the gentle laxative. It is easy and pleasant to take—can be chewed like a lolly. Give them half to one FIGSEN tablet at bedtime. In the morning FIGSEN acts—mildly yet thoroughly—no gripping pain, no stomach upset. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

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3-IN-ONE OIL

Can we leave them in clothing ruined by the battle?

Straight from the fury of the onslaught . . . agonised by wounds or staggering with aching tiredness . . . grimy uniforms torn to shreds by the violence of the assault and the clinging tentacles of the jungle . . . shall there be no fresh uniforms to replace those ruined in the fight?

Those gallant men must have peace of mind, too . . . they must know their children are well and warmly clad . . . babies they may not have seen . . . more babies than Australia has ever before welcomed in the one year.

That is why Australia's Mills must be kept turning day and night . . . there can be no let-up in the provision of uniforms and clothing, which rank with munitions and foodstuffs in the wartime safeguard of life and health.



All honour to the girls and women who work in Clothing and Textile Factories!

When the history of the war is written, a spotlight of praise will fall on the fine Australian women who have worked day in, day out, through the war years on clothing and textiles. They, too, are good fighters, backing up our soldiers, sailors and airmen in a vital way. But for their noble, ceaseless efforts, the clothing situation would be parlous indeed for the Armed Forces and civilians alike.

More and more girls are needed for this essential work.

THIS SPACE DONATED BY VICARS WOOLLEN MILLS, WHERE MILLIONS OF YARDS OF CLOTH FOR UNIFORMS HAVE ALREADY BEEN PRODUCED.

W.A.A.A.F. flying photographers need nerve



Photographers Sergeant Hilary Benn and Sergeant Glen Morton, of the W.A.A.A.F., leave their plane after a map-reading trip.



DIFFICULT SHOT. Sergeant Glen Morton lies prone in the bomb-aimer's compartment to take a picture through the hatch of the plane.

They take slow-motion films which are used in visual training of young airmen

By TORA BECKINGSALE

Sergeants Hilary Benn and Glen Morton claim they have the best jobs in the W.A.A.A.F. They're the only two aerial cinema photographers in the Service.

First, they fly on duty—and not very many Waaafs do that. Second, the job itself is fascinating, for they're making slow-motion color-films which aid the training of young airmen.

I FLEW with Glen Morton on a map-reading trip.

I suppose at 21 you have no nerves, only nerve. Me—well, the sight of this youngster lying prone in the bomb-aimer's compartment pointing her camera through the yawning space of the open hatch just made me shudder.

She was in the nose of the plane, 4000 feet up, with her neat Air Force shoes poking out under the co-pilot's seat.

"Aren't you frightened you might fall down there?" I asked, when she crawled out again.

"Benn's leg went down one day when we were both training, and I had to pull her back to safety," Glen answered with quite obvious relish.

Definitely no nerves at all!

Glen did this minor feat of gymnastics as we toolled along at 120 miles an hour to obtain detailed pictures of the roads and junctions which led to a township.

It needs a clear head and steady hands to take pictures in such a position at that quite terrifying distance from the ground.

The lens of her camera followed the course of the long roads, which looked to me like narrow strips of beige ribbon. She took particular aim at the junctions.

"They're specially important," she said somewhat absently. She was already thinking about her next shots.

They were done from the comparative comfort of the co-pilot's seat beside Flying-Officer Dick Ottaway, who was piloting us.

The panorama below stretched out to where a small lake shone silver in the sunshine.

Glen began to adjust her camera, leaning it against her right cheek and holding it just inside the window of the plane.

As she focused the lens she gave an upward movement of her hand to signal to Flying-Officer Ottaway to go higher, and then signalled the direction she wished to take to get a good position for shots at the lake.

I admired her strong, capable

hands, as, squinting along the sight, she got to work, her dark brown hair blown back from her forehead, which was wrinkled with concentration.

We passed over the lake, and then sat back to wait for the next target. It was a range of hills, heavily wooded and dark against the green countryside.

The weather clouded over slightly, so Flying-Officer Ottaway took us for a brief flip above the clouds. There the sun was shining brightly, throwing glorious color on to the soft, billowing mass of clouds below us.

I had never been above the clouds before, and I was so enchanted I suddenly felt I wanted to be a flying photographer in the W.A.A.A.F., too.

Then I recalled my earlier shudders, and regretfully put the thought aside.

Glen told me she found it exhilarating, too, and that she'd taken several pictures with cloud effects in a fighter attack film she made recently.

Airsick once

DOWN to 4000 feet later she resumed her work, but this time from a side seat. To get a correct angle for her camera she knelt with her right knee on the seat and her left foot firmly placed on the floor.

A small river, which looked almost like a backyard drain from our height, and several townships were all photographed from the side of the plane or from a window in the rear.

These windows may be opened and fastened firmly above her to the roof of the plane.

After about two hours of concentrated work the light began to fail, so we headed for home.

"Have you ever been airsick?" I asked Glen.

"Oh, yes, in Tasmania I was disgustingly airsick on one trip, but the job simply had to be finished, so I went on with it," she said ruefully.

As we sped homewards she busily loaded up her camera with film again for her next trip, which was scheduled for the following morning.



SERGEANT GLEN MORTON, of the W.A.A.A.F., smiles as she adjusts her camera for a shot from a side window of the plane.

When we landed Air Force officials took me to tea in their cheery mess, with its big log fire.

They told me that Sergeant Benn and Sergeant Morton have both had training in photographic sound recording as well as the technical aspects of the work they do. Actually, the sound processes are done by commercial firms.

After tea we visited the unit's film room and saw some 50 young

airmen keenly watching a training film.

Map-reading films give a trainee, even before he goes up in the air, some idea of what the countryside looks like from the air.

When he begins his cross-country flying he knows how to watch for landmarks.

Not all the work of Sergeants Morton and Benn is done in the air. Flying they make map-reading

films, aeroplane recognition films, and fighter attack and bombing films.

On the ground they make technical pictures, ranging from close-ups of maintenance of aircraft to medical and dental films.

For an average map-reading trip they are about three hours in the air, and in this time take about forty shots altogether. They might cover a distance which includes about 12 towns.

Our speed was about 120 miles an hour, but Glen said when she took pictures from a smaller two-seater plane with only a pilot and herself the speed was slower.

Cutting and editing

THE two young sergeants (Sergeant Benn is only 20) have made several map-reading films in New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania. They edit and cut their own films.

When the films are shown to the young airmen the 16 millimetre projectors are operated mostly by W.A.A.A.F. personnel.

About 60 Waaafs have been given an intensive course of training at the R.A.A.F. Engineers' School in projection and electrical science, and are now posted to units as cinema operators.

Some time later I was asked to see the film we had made. Then I was shown a fighter attack film, and a film of disease of the mouth made for the medical unit of the R.A.A.F.

"I liked making that film and all medical ones. I have always wanted to be a nurse," said diminutive Sergeant Hilary Benn.

She is an attractive, sprightly lass with hazel eyes, fringed with lovely dark lashes.

Sergeant Morton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morton, and was born in Albany. One of her sisters is a tram conductor.

Hilary Benn was formerly a clerk and had no previous experience as a photographer, but Glen Morton was employed in a photographic laboratory before the war.

Editorial

OCTOBER 9, 1943.

LAND OF PLENTY

THE tragic story of famine in India, with its thousands of deaths from starvation, throws into sharp relief the comparative plenty enjoyed in Australia.

It is almost impossible for the average Australian to imagine himself or one of his family dying of starvation.

Though in the depression some experienced pangs of real hunger, famine has been practically unknown here, and even war conditions have not necessitated the tightening of belts.

Australia is one of the countries that can give relief to hunger-stricken people all over the world.

She has sent 50,000 tons of wheat to India in the past six months, and has millions of bushels more in her silos that can be sent when shipping is available.

This is a pointer to an enormous job to be done after the war.

All over Europe there are millions of people who haven't had what an Australian would call a square meal in years.

When the war is over Australia will have to provide some of the food necessary to the scheme of rehabilitation.

This long-range plan, as well as immediate needs, makes it vitally important that Australia's primary production be maintained as efficiently as possible now.

Teachers and university students, schoolboys and business girls, who give up their holidays this year to work on the land will be helping.

Home gardeners who grow their own vegetables will relieve the strain on the farms.

Australia's plenty must be shared to save lives.

—THE EDITOR.

How Air Force SOS was answered



FOUR MEMBERS of a radio location unit somewhere in the North. Photo sent by Private John Goodman, second from the left, to his brother, Mr. C. Goodman, Chaffin Ave., Potts Point, N.S.W.

Flier writes of rescue squads that luckily weren't needed

"Quite a day" is how Flt.-Sgt. T. ("Dutch") Holland describes a patrol when one of the motors of his Sunderland broke down five hours out over the sea.

He tells the story of this adventure and the preparations made for the crew's rescue in a letter to his parents in Chinchilla, Qld.

"BOY, did we strike trouble!

One of our motors packed up about five hours out. The oil pressure gave out. We took all the short cuts across the 'Tiger Country,' but didn't really expect to make land.

"It's the longest four hours ever I have put in, and we were all very relieved to see the coast once again.

"We were just beginning to think we were right when, about twenty minutes from home, she seized, and parts of the motor flew everywhere, and it vibrated so much we were sure it was going to fall out altogether.

"However, our luck was certainly in, as the prop broke away from the motor and started to run free. Another minute and we would probably be on a fortnight's survivors' leave.

"Anyway, I had the pleasure of sending an SOS—something I had been waiting to do for a long time.

"They have this distress business taped. When we did get in eventually we found there were aircraft ready to look for us and rescue launches were already on the way. Everything was organised for a speedy rescue if we had gone in.

"Altogether quite a day.

"We may not see a great deal of action, but we get bags of thrills. It's not the first time we have come back five or six hours out on three motors.

"Fighters (in moderate numbers) don't worry us such a lot, but motors keep me scared stiff.

"I haven't taken to smoking, but at a time like this the boys usually come to light with a cigarette.

"It's quite a joke. They say they can always tell when things are grim when 'Dutch' will smoke."

Pte. O. G. Metcalf, to his wife in Commercial St., Merbein, Vic.:

"WHERE we are now the mails in and out will be few and far between. I have just completed the hardest three-and-a-half days' march in my life.

"Imagine following a track up a hillside like Tomboboo, above the Hollandia, for three and a half days and you will have a fair idea of what we have done.

"The trail is said to be even worse than the great Owen Stanley.

"The trees and ground are covered with moss.

"Do you remember the forest scene in 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs'? It is just like that—the same queer, weird-looking trees.

"The mountain scenery is great—unsurpassed even by home. It is cool here, even cold at night.

"The most interesting thing in the field operational ration, which is most marvellous."

Visits Australian servicemen in British hospitals

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

"The first thing Australian servicemen in hospital want to talk about is mother. She's the lovely lady in the picture by the bed; she's the one I'm told to assure in letters 'Everything's fine,'" says Betty Nesservy, official visitor for the Australian Red Cross in London.

BETTY is an Australian, visits by day, her car laden with books and presents for Australian servicemen in British hospitals.



MRS. NESSERVY with her dog, Paddy, on the beach at Coolangubra, Queensland.

Small and dark, with sympathy in her shining brown eyes and boundless energy in her slim body, she is capable, efficient, painstaking, and, above all, understanding.

For all her cheerfulness she has known a great deal of sadness, for a year ago her Australian husband, Squadron-Leader Norman Nesservy, D.F.C., of the R.A.F., was reported missing.

Through long months of waiting and hoping for news of him, Betty determined to do a war job that could in some way alleviate anxiety and suffering for others.

"I thought of the boys convalescing, and thrown back on themselves and their memories of home and loved ones.

"When I heard the Canadians and New Zealanders had Red Cross visitors I visited the Australian Red Cross in London, and met Miss Ida Marks, who's in charge, and found she had the same idea.

"I didn't wait for my uniform to

This week's cover

THE girl on our cover this week is Jean Playford, a worker at the Broken Hill Proprietary steel works at Newcastle, New South Wales.

Our color photographer Robert Cleland shows her collecting a tool from the shadow board, which is a device to ensure implements being returned to their places after they are used.

The precise position of each tool is marked in red.

be tailored. Once I got my war job I just hopped in my car, and, hatless, sped through the countryside, visiting eighteen hospitals that first week."

Betty was ticking off long lists of requests when I saw her. She wore her smart Red Cross uniform, but was still hatless, for there isn't a khaki felt hat in London.

"I am almost the main stem of the Air Force grape vine," said Betty, "for I take messages from one injured pilot to another, passing on scraps of news, arranging leave.

"Already I'm shopping for Christmas for boys who want to send home presents.

"I see naval boys, merchant servicemen, and even a few Diggers, but the majority of 'my boys' so far are in the Air Force.

"I've had a very secret commission from one brave lad, who's making a good recovery. I am to buy a nice ring—solitaire."

Now Betty is equipped with a camera, and snapshots of "walking wounded" will soon be on the way to relatives.

Into the car Betty packed copies of The Australian Women's Weekly. "Everyone wants to know how's Mandrake," she said.

Then I went a bundle of Sydney papers.

They're for Pilot-Officer George Chapple, of Greenithorpe, N.S.W. He used to be a farmer."

For Flying-Officer Raleigh Gippe, of Brisbane, she put in Queensland papers. For Sergeant Harold Taubman, of Cronulla, there were pyjamas; while Sergeant Arthur Ferguson, of Victoria, was getting extra raisins and razor blades.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Film Reviews

★★★ RANDOM HARVEST

(Week's Best Release)

MGM have teamed Ronald Colman and Greer Garson to make a haunting and deeply moving film from James Hilton's best-selling novel. Mervyn Le Roy's direction is flawless, and he achieves a striking emotional reaction by his warmly human approach to this tender love story.

Colman, as the man who loses all memory of his past during the first World War, gives a convincing and polished performance, although he is rather too old for the role. As the vivacious and warm-hearted actress who befriends him, Greer Garson is as irresistible as ever. Her performance is the highlight of a show that is crowded with indelible memories.

Newcomer pert young Susan Peters, who falls in love with Colman, shows promise of becoming one of the screen's most capable dramatic actresses. She displays a sincerity and restraint that is often lacking in the acting of veterans.—Liberty; showing.

★★★ FOREVER AND A DAY

FROM a rather ponderous beginning, this film develops into an often enthralling tale of romance and adventure, encompassing over a period of more than a century, England's struggles to retain freedom in the face of threats from dictators.

A sturdy mansion, built in 1804, is the axis about which the story turns, and the lives and loves, the sadness and happiness of various generations furnish an abundance of dramatic material for the star-studded cast.

The episodes are handled with telling effect, and perhaps the most

Our Film Gradings

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars — below average.

outstanding sequence is the deftly handled romance with Merle Oberon and Robert Cummings. Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne, and Jessie Matthews also make the most of their brief appearances.

Notable, too, are the performances of Charles Laughton, Ray Milland, Claude Rains, Gladys Cooper, Anna Neale, Herbert Marshall, and a host of other top-ranking stars. Century; showing.

★★★ MY GAL SAL

A BRILLIANTLY colorful and entertaining film based on the life of Paul Dresser, popular songwriter of the spectacular 'thirties.

Dresser was a fabulous character, and he is aptly brought to the screen by Victor Mature. Rita Hayworth, in the exotic gowns of the period, looks incredibly lovely, and in the role of showgirl qualifies as a first-rate singing and dancing personality. John Sutton is capable as the producer, and Rita's disappointed editor, and Phil Silvers as the live-wire agent is responsible for some glorious flashes of comedy.—Regent; showing.

★★★ MARRIAGE ON ICE

A TRITE little story set in Iceland and featuring John Payne as the marine hero to give it a topical flavor.

Sonja Henie does some of the most spectacular skating of her career, and the exciting hula number is particularly outstanding.

The light-as-air plot deals mainly with the efforts of the Icelandic girl, Sonja Henie, to capture the attentions of playboy marine Payne. Osa Massen, as Sonja's sister, looks as pretty as a picture, and Jack Oakie does some amusing clowning on skates.—Plaza; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trying to clear

PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cocaine, and Teller Smith, accused of theft. Real thief is Grando, Mandrake's ex-assistant, who hypnotizes his victims.

Chief of police tells Mandrake that he does not believe in the existence of the mysterious Grando.

Mandrake visits Narda in goal, and says the only way to clear her is to capture Grando.

The thief, in the meantime, decides to plant stolen pearls in Mandrake's bureau so that he will also be arrested. NOW READ ON:



★ PITTSBURGH

SET against a background of the coal-mining industry and featuring Mariene Dietrich, Randolph Scott, and John Wayne, this film provides plenty of lusty adventure.

Scott and Wayne rise from miners to be the managers of a huge enterprise, but are constantly having business and romantic complications. Cause of the romantic difficulties is Dietrich, of course, who still looks a glamor girl, and is admirably cast, although her acting is uninspired.

Frank Craven as the doctor, and Louise Allbritton as the society girl give excellent support.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

MGM is now searching for an 11-year-old boy who resembles Jimmy Durante to play the childhood scenes of "Two Sisters and a Sailor," but none of the Hollywood mothers will admit their children bear any resemblance to the big-nosed comedian.

AS soon as he received his medical discharge from the Army, Stephen Crane took wife, Lana Turner, and their baby daughter to visit his parents in Indiana. During her vacation there, Lana plans to visit Army and Navy hospitals in the east.

Listeners taught new song hits by radio music master

Words and tunes of popular hit numbers are easy to memorise as Jack Lumsdaine presents them from 2GB every Monday to Thursday at 5.45 p.m. in "Learn a Tune."

THE quarter-hour session usually begins with an orchestral presentation. Then Jack Lumsdaine plays through the tune, giving the words several times.

He is assisted by two singers, Norma Beattie and Joan Blake, both of whom have appeared in "Australia Sings."

At the end the number selected for the next broadcast is announced and a recording played.

"Learn a Tune" is proving popular with younger listeners, who are anxious to be the first in the field with the new hits as these appear hot from the press.

Interest is not confined to Australia.

Recently Jack Lumsdaine has been hearing from listeners in New Zealand.

Some of these listeners have formed themselves into groups and called themselves The Rhythm Fans. The movement began when an enthusiast heard the session one night by accident. She was so enthusiastic that she gathered in all her friends.

The group-listening idea has been taken up also by factory girls in an Australian town.

Many letters come in asking for particular numbers. In fact, there are so many requests that Jack Lumsdaine has to make listeners wait many weeks before he can feature their particular song. Since the session began he has put over about 100 songs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, October 6: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, October 7 (from 4.30 to 4.55): Goodie Reeve presents "All Thine in Favour."

FRIDAY, October 8: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Dance of Melody."

SATURDAY, October 9: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Maiden Fourtimes."

SUNDAY, October 10 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, October 11: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, October 12: Musical Alphabet.

Jack Lumsdaine has had wide radio experience. It has included playing, singing, composing songs, and orchestral arrangements. Many of his songs have been recorded. They include "England in the Morning," "Digger," "Wodonga," "Calling," "Cobber of Mine," "Scallywag," and "Treen Decks."



OLD-STYLE BARGE ON AN ENGLISH CANAL. At bridges the horse is unhitched and walks by himself to opposite bank. Barge work has been speeded up to carry war supplies.



JILL CANTOR (Mrs. Schalit), the young Australian who is now a bargee on England's canals, with her husband, Major Ivor Schalit. Jill was formerly in the A.T.S.

Australian girl works as bargee on English canals

Lives life of water gipsy as she hauls vital war needs

Cabled by MARY ST. CLAIRE, of our London staff

Australian Jill Cantor has joined the water gypsies of England. In other words, she's a bargee, drawing vital war goods along the English canals.

Jill, now skipper of the barge *Capheus*, is the daughter of Judge Cantor and a graduate of Sydney University. She is married to Melbourne doctor Major Ivor Schalit, at present in India.

ALL day long over the network of canals of Britain vital materials of war are transported by the water gypsies.

Now their slow-moving barges have been speeded up to supplement rail and road transport, and their ranks have been swollen by women volunteers from all walks of life.

In a year Jill Cantor has carried thousands of tons of coal, steel, and aluminium.

She moves with the river people up and down their canals, racing them to the locks, trying to unload with the speediest, learning their trade, talk and habits, sharing their spirit of friendly co-operation.

"Anyone who thinks a bargee's life is placid should make the trip from Limehouse to Birmingham. They'd soon change their mind," Jill told me. "It's no rest cure—you just go for your life from the moment you take on the cargo till you unload."

"We are on piecework, and must get up 'the cut,' as the bargees call the canal, in the shortest time, for a few minutes' delay at a lock might mean three days' hold-up waiting to unload, and serious loss of money, not to mention prestige."

"There are 135 locks on the stretch of the Grand Union Canal whereon I ply my barge."

"I've a crew of only one, my mate, Bridget, from Elre."

"It's the heaviest possible work. Sometimes I am 15 hours at the wheel without a break, while Bridget is working the barge of cyelling ahead along the towpath to open the locks and make the passage smooth and easy."

"At night, dead tired, we drop asleep on the barge, then must be up before dawn to push off with the first ray of light."

"There are not many women who stick to the bargee's life, though many volunteered."

"My mate and I put up a record working a pair of boats—a motor boat towing what's called a 'butty,' which is a 7ft. engineless barge, 1ft. wide."

"We should have a crew of three, but manage somehow by working all the time, and we've not been an hour late with cargo."

"The life is very lonely, for there's little time to meet up with the 'boaters,' as the bargees are called on the cut."

"We never see a paper, and rarely get fresh milk or meat. We provision the barge while loading, for we must keep moving along the canal."

"Most of the work is done at the double, particularly swinging open the lock gates. It takes a lot of experience to manoeuvre safely such a long butty into a single lock. I have to get the boat into the lock so that it lies on one side, making room for the butty, then check the motor

boat with its engine, check the butty with a strap round the bollard, close the gates and open the sluice gates, which bargees call paddles."

"The lock then either fills or empties, according to whether we are going uphill or downhill."

"I know nearly every bend and tree along the canal. It's the only way to be a bargee."

"Sometimes I help the stevedores unload, and the worst cargo after coal is cement."

"I always have to clean up the boat after unloading."

"Of course, I don't wear fancy clothes—men's clothes all the time, and any old ones I can lay my hands on. It's not a glamorous job."

Jill opened her hands and revealed three rows of corns on the palms.

"I got these working the locks," she said. "It's heavy work."

"There are forty-seven uphill locks without a break."

"After leaving London we climb up through the Chilterns, then drop down again. The ceaseless task is splicing ropes."

"When we get a stretch of flat country we tow on an 80ft. rope. The longest distance is twenty miles."

"It's a strain on the person steering, who mustn't leave the wheel for a minute. The helmsman even eats at the helm."

It took Jill a long time to strike up friendships with the conservative bargees. But by living their life, going to their inns along the river in the evenings, and eating with them in Limehouse cafes, she gained their respect, and not only their confidence, but admiration.

As an instance of their loyalty Jill told me: "One night a stranger followed the mate and me out of an inn in the direction of our barge, but every bargeman left immediately and shadowed the stranger till they saw we were safe."

"Though we are deadly rivals trying to get through the locks and our cargoes unloaded, we are good river companions."

Jill worked out her rate of pay as threepence per hour; for piecework rates 2/3 to 3/3 a ton.

"But it's not the pay that keeps

me a bargee," she said. "It's something about rivers and canals that gets in your blood."

"Even three miles of tunnel, dripping with water and with dangerous bends, is something of a thrill."

"No matter how good a bargee, you'll fall in the canal a few times when fast-moving ropes trip up the crew."

"It's hot work in the summer and very cold in the winter, as the still water soon freezes up."

"Then we leave the barges stuck in the ice and go as a team of river-folk to the nearest war factory."

"The bargees are too active to be idle for long."

Jill, for all her love of barges, plans to return to Australia directly after the war.

She was a driver in the A.T.S., and took evacuated wounded from Dunkirk. When there was a call for women to man the barges she left the service to be apprenticed to a bargeman, and after two trips she had her own barge and crew.

'Red Shadow' sings for desert soldiers now

Lance Fairfax, who achieved his first big stage success in Australia as the Red Shadow in "The Desert Song," rode a white charger across a stretch of artificial desert on the stage.

For the past three years he has been travelling round the real desert in the Middle East by car, Army transport and aeroplane as Captain (recently Major) Lance Fairfax in charge of British Army entertainment.

HE took an entertainment unit into Sicily while the 8th Army was still fighting.

Many Australians returned from the Middle East have talked of the splendid job he has been doing for servicemen.

Wherever he goes he is greeted with "Hi there, Red Shadow!"

A New Zealander, Lance Fairfax enlisted in the last war at the age of 15, and won the Military Cross when he was eighteen.

His two brothers also fought in the last war, the eldest enlisting when he was eighteen. Both of them are now in the N.Z. Army.

When this war began, Lance Fairfax, who was about to leave England for America, immediately enlisted.

He was turned down for active service, but accepted an appointment to organise entertainments in France.

He was in France until the night before the evacuation of Dunkirk, and a few hours after his departure the place where he had been quartered was blown to pieces.

Ten days after his return to England he left for the Middle East, and has been there ever since.

In the last few years before the war, Lance Fairfax had practically deserted musical comedy to give concerts of serious music by composers like Brahms and Handel.

He has sung several times before Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth.

At a concert at the Brazilian Em-

bassy he sang, "Where'er You Walk," and Queen Mary made a request that he should sing it for her again.

He has also sung in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and played in a number of films.

"The two children and I were on our way to Australia when the big blits on England began three years ago," said Mrs. Fairfax.

"Dad" is a good correspondent, but he writes very little about his actual work. His letters are mostly about his family. We are very proud that there has never been one word censored from his letters.

"We did not know he had gone to Sicily until we saw it in the papers."

Clever youngsters

THERE are two Fairfax children—

Bryan, aged 17, and Diana, 15. Bryan is at present working in essential war work as an electrical engineer, but he spends every evening at Sydney Conservatorium.

He has won three scholarships as a violinist, one at the Royal Academy. Last year he gained the highest marks in the State in the Leaving Certificate examinations for his A.M.E.B.

When his father heard the news



MRS. LANCE FAIRFAX with Bryan, 17, and Diana, 15, at their home. Bryan had just come in from his war job.



MAJOR LANCE FAIRFAX (left). With him is Corporal Kerosinko, a Greek, who appeared in one of his shows in the Middle East.

"He has produced shows in large halls, in little huts where half his audience had to stand up, and out in the open on the desert."

"Often the show went on while bombs fell during the air raids, the artists carrying on throughout the raid."

"When Lance sings, he gives the boys serious music. He has found, as entertainment units have found in Australia, that the troops like good music."

"But there is usually a request for something from the 'Desert Song' as well."

"It must be very strenuous for him sometimes," said his wife, "but, as he said in one of his letters, 'all that matters is to give some fun and happiness to the boys who are doing so much for us.'"

ENGLAND TAKES ITS HOLIDAYS AT HOME...



HOLIDAYS in England are spent near home, and new dresses help to make them seem the real thing. This London youngster, in her yellow spring frock, is at Merchant Navy Exhibition.



IN THE PARKS. This young mother is wearing what most women wear to-day in Britain, a tailor-made of striped flannel.

IN THE COUNTRY. People on holiday are using horse-drawn waggons to replace the pre-war pleasures of motoring. They wear trim Utility suits, that look well in town or country.



ON THE RIVER. Every town or city near a navigable river is encouraging its citizens to holiday on it. The girls take the opportunity to wear printed frocks and gay hats.



SHAKESPEARE in the open air is an attraction in Regent's Park, London.

—Dept. of Information photos.

"How's every-thing Sherry?" he asked in a need-lessly loud voice.

"Everything's fine," Ruth replied mildly.

"Good." Her level gaze upset him. Why did he have to yell like an idiot? He looked at his watch. It was almost three o'clock. "By the way, did you send that memo to friend Henderson?"

"Yes, J.H."

"Take it yourself or have it de-livered?"

Ruth hesitated. "I took it my-self."

"Ah! And how did Mr. Henderson react?"

There was that subtle note of dis-approval again. He tried to shrug it off. What difference did it make whether Sherry approved or dis-approved?

"It doesn't matter," he said. "I'll soon see for myself. Unless Old Cal has changed a great deal, he'll be knocking at that door in about seventy-five seconds. Promptness was one of his favorite virtues."

"I'd better go, hadn't I?"

"If you like. I can see this is all extremely distasteful to you."

"Yes," she said with a kind of re-luctant candor. "It is."

"Next time I plan anything like this," he said ironically. "I'll ask your permission."

Their gazes clashed briefly. Her eyes had the brightness which pre-cedes weeping; but no tears came. Again he became disturbingly aware of how pretty she was.

"Come in!" he cried, peevishly, in answer to the rap on his door. At least there wouldn't be any irritating complications in firing Henderson. By George, he'd get it over quickly! But as the door opened and Hen-derson came into the office, Vane found himself unprepared. What was it he had intended to say? Something crushing, he remembered; something that would flatten Old Cal like a pancake. He'd been saying it over in his mind during lunch, and now it was gone. After wait-ing eighteen years was he going to

have to ad lib in his big moment?

Calvin Henderson was crossing the office with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Vane," he said, "may I ex-press my sincere congratulations?" Vane opened and closed his mouth wordlessly. Dumbly he took the proffered hand.

"I'd have come in this morning," Henderson continued, "but I was afraid you might think I was pre-sumptuous. And lang syne has no place in business, I always say."

"What?"

"Nevertheless, I want to tell you how pleased and thrilled I am with your success." He tried to look pleased and thrilled. "I have fol-lowed your career with great in-terest. Mr. Vane I have watched you forge to the top. You can't imagine how gratified I have been to think that I have played a small part in your triumph."

"You—" Vane gasped.

"Of course, I did not expect any credit for my contribution," Hender-son said, unctuously. "When I heard that you were to be our new manager I asked myself, Will John Vane remember that it was I, in a sense, who made all this possible?"

"You?"

"I," said Henderson. "Had I ap-peared the rod and spoiled the child, as the saying is, had I let you drift along as you were doing—coming in late, shirking your responsibilities—you might still be one of our clerks. Some of your former asso-ciates still occupy their old desks, Mr. Vane."

Vane slumped weakly against the back of his chair. The chief clerk's words were like a blow between the eyes. Good gods, the old fool was right! It was all too devastatingly clear.

The old John Vane, his former self, would have been perfectly con-tent with his clerkship and its un-steady, unspectacular wages. Left to his own devices he would have settled quite comfortably into his well-worn groove.

A Big Day For Mr. Vane

Continued from page 2

"You can imagine my surprise," Henderson said, "when I received your memo. 'Ah,' I said to myself, 'Mr. Vane has not forgotten. He has taken time out of his busy day to summon me, to speak to me, a humble clerk in the organization he now heads.' It is little things like that, Mr. Vane, that reveal the true greatness of a man."

Vane had regained control of himself.

"Yes, Henderson," he said gravely, "I have remembered. Indeed, I have never forgotten."

"It is good of you to say so, sir," Henderson replied.

"I want to thank you, Henderson. From the bottom of my heart, I want to thank you."

"It was nothing, sir." The dis-claimer was tepid.

"I disagree. However, as you yourself would undoubtedly say, actions speak louder than words. What is your present salary?"

"Sixty a week, sir."

Vane smiled faintly as he saw the chief clerk lick his dry lips. "Effective to-day, Henderson, it is seventy-five."

"Oh, Mr. Vane—!"

"Skip it, Henderson."

"I don't know how—"

"Please don't try. I'm a very busy man."

"Yes, yes, of course," Henderson beat a hasty retreat to the door.

"As I have always said, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters—'"

Vane breathed a sigh of relief as the door closed.

He lighted a cigarette and settled in his chair. Well, that was that.

J. Hamilton Vane had been out-maneuvred and put to rout. After eighteen years Henderson still had his number. Vane chuckled dryly.

He pressed the key of the little box communicator on his desk.

"Would you mind stepping in here, Sherry?"

She at least would be pleased with the outcome.

Ruth Sherrill came into the office and seated herself across the desk from him.

Vane grinned ruefully. "Well, Sherry," he said, "you'll be glad to hear I didn't fire old Rain-in-the-Face after all."

"Yes, J.H. I am glad." Her voice was gentle, compassionate, unastonished.

"Great Scott, you might act a little surprised!"

"I'm really not, J.H. You see, I was sure you wouldn't."

"You were sure—!" He repeated her casual certainty. "Have you been hanging around gipsy tea-rooms—or are you just naturally psychic?"

"It was nothing like that, J.H. I just had a feeling you would decide Calvin Henderson was an unworthy adversary once you saw him. I was certain you would not—demean yourself."

A dazzling light seemed suddenly to flood a dark corner of Vane's mind. She was right! To have taken such an easy and petty revenge on Henderson would have demeaned him; he would have felt like an utter cad after the false glitter had worn off his cheap triumph.

"I'm afraid you overrated me, Sherry," he said humbly.

Animal Antics



"...and stop calling me 'Gnatzy'!"

All at once the brightness of her eyes was awash with tears, her secretarial composure was shattered with sob.

Vane reached across the desk, took her unprotesting hands in his. "Don't cry," he pleaded. "Please don't cry, Ruth."

Her tears continued, but now the brightness was triumph. "You called me Ruth," she whispered. "J.H., you called me Ruth!"

"Call me Johnny," said J. Hamilton Vane, tenderly. (Copyright)

Beam to Brazil

Continued from page 4

"They left the Marine Room and went upstairs to their suite."

When the door was closed, Rick picked up the telephone and called the commanding officer of Interceptor in San Juan. He explained himself and his job, and then said: "I want permission to work in the blackout. I want to use arc lights."

"That's impossible," said the C.O.

"Look, I'm three miles from Ponce; if enemy aircraft sneaked in from the south—which is well-nigh im-possible—they'd bomb a rugged promontory and not a city."

"You can't make exceptions. Sorry, but I have my orders. No lights in a blackout."

"Do you know what this beam station is for?"

"No, I don't."

"I see," Rick said. "Okay."

He hung up, paused, and then called long distance, person to per-son. Mike Harrington in Miami, Florida. After a twenty-minute inter-im the operator rang him again and said Miami was ready.

"Hello?" said Rick.

"Hello, Rick. Trouble already?"

"No. Things look fair enough. I'll give you the dope on the set-up here later on in detail when the job is done."

Until then, what I want right now is permission to work in a blackout. I'm going to use arc lights to-morrow night. The Inter-ceptor Command here says no. Can you take care of it?"

Mike Harrington growled. "Do you mean Carstairs hasn't been working at night?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't he get in touch with me?"

"That is the sixty-four-dollar question."

"I'll attend to it," Mike Harrington said. "Go ahead with your lights."

Before dawn Rick and Charlie rolled out of bed and dressed in boots, breeches, and old shirts. They found it impossible to breakfast at the hotel, but as they rolled towards Pompano Point in a Model A flivver of the mauve decade which they had been issued they found a little fonda open, which served coffee of such strength the results were al-most alcoholic. Then they took the road to the bluff.

They knew they were near the T.A.A. acreage when signs began to appear along the road: "No stopping or leaving your car from this point on."

The sun had burst out of the eastern sea, and the view from the heights west of Ponce was some-thing to behold. The forests took on a vestige of their deep green, and the sea was already glowing in a rich time hue.

LEARN A TUNE

DEARLY BELOVED
MY DEVOTION
I HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM
WHITE CHRISTMAS

CONDUCTED BY JACK LUMSDAINE
assisted by Norma Beattie and Joan Blake
Tunes are easy to learn Jack Lumsdaine's way

Mon. to Thurs. **2GB** 5.45 p.m.

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WEEK NIGHT THIRTY-MINUTE PLAYS
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'Four on a Honeymoon'
'Home of the Heart'
'Green Burns the Flame'
'The Black Pit'
'Love and Obedy'

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Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Chatterbox Street, 27

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune continues for Librans, Geminians, Aquarians, and many Sagittarians, particularly on Saturday, October 9.

This day is likely to be an important day in the lives of those influenced by the sign Aquarius. The aspects are adverse, however, very early in the day and very late.

Monday, October 11, and Tuesday, October 12, are likely to be rather difficult for most Arians, Capricornians, and Cancerians, and for some Librans.

Good days should be used fully and wisely, but caution should be exercised on the days charted as difficult.

Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review of the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): October 8 and 9 are rather difficult; October 2, morning tricky; October 12 troublesome. Be cautious; avoid changes. Upsets, worry.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): October 8, all round dusk, and October 9, before dawn, mildly helpful. Routine best just now.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): October 8, from 3 a.m. to 9 p.m., can be really pleasant, so plan to utilize it wisely in making desired plans. October 9, dawn and afternoon busy, and October 10, early a.m. good. October 12, around midnight, mild helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be on guard for misunderstandings. Officers, poor chance, and accidents are possible. Routine best. Especially October 8, October 9, October 10, and October 12.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): October 9, dawn, and October 12, around midnight, mildly helpful, but balance of week poor. Routine affairs advised.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): October 9, and to midnight October 6, poor. But October 8, around dusk, and October 10, from 3 p.m. to 9 p.m., fair. October 10, 11, 12, poor.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Saturday, October 9, can be excellent from dawn until 9 p.m. Utilize very fully, making desired plans, changes, etc. October 8, afternoon, and October 10, before 10 a.m., good.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Routine work advised for this week. No very particularly helpful, and some particularly adverse.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): October 9, to 9 p.m., can be surprisingly pleasing. Utilize for semi-important matters. October 12, midnight, fair.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 23): Avoid aggression, worry, upsets, anger, and over persistence this week. Especially October 9, 11 and 12. Routine best.

AQUARIUS (January 24 to February 23): Keep busy. Plan ahead. Utilize October 9, from 3 a.m. to 9 p.m., in collecting desired plans, changes, happiness. Dawn of October 9, and dawn and afternoon busy of October 8, before 10 a.m. October 10, and around midnight (only), October 12, very helpful, too.

PISCES (February 24 to March 21): October 9 and 8 poor. October 12, sunrise, but October 9 may shed light on future fortunes. Thistle 11 (to 9 p.m.), in morning plan for the near future. Sun and rain.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents an astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"If we're going to follow crop rotation we've got to plant barley this year!"



F259.—Beautifully styled dressing gown. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2316.—Frock and kerkin for girls 12 to 16 years of age. Requires 2 yds. 36ins. wide, or 1½ yds. 54ins. wide, for skirt; 1½ yds. and 11 yds. contrast, 36ins. wide, for jacket. Pattern, 1/7.

F2317.—Unusually smart special occasions frock. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2318.—Smart, form-fitting draped frock. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

DON'T be disappointed if your needlework order doesn't reach you by return post. Under present conditions, delays are unavoidable. You can be sure your order will be despatched as soon as possible.

Needlework Notions

DAINTY FROCK FOR SMALL GIRL

Traced clearly on a good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in white only, this dainty little frock (No. 299) shows a round shoulder yoke and a tiny full for a sleeve. Front of bodice is unadorned; skirt is full and dainty. It is available in a floral cotton in blue, pink, green, and lemon linings.

Ready to cut and sew, in rayon crepe-de-chine: Sizes 1 to 2 years, 9/11 (4 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 10/8 (4 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage.

Ready to cut and sew, in floral cotton: Sizes 1 to 2 years, 8/11 (4 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 8/6 (4 coupons). Postage, 4½d.

HOT POT HOLDERS AND CONTAINER FOR TINY CHRISTMAS GIFTS

These come traced on linoleum, in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue. Each one traced with a different fruit design for embroidery. The container is in shape of a bag, and also shows an embroidery motif.

Boxes are shown bound with contrast, but this is not supplied with the set. Price complete: 3 holders and 1 container, 2/11. Postage, 1½d. Please ask for No. 400.



F3312.—Smart New Yorker cotton style. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3294.—Featuring the new, flattering pannelled yoke style. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

Box 358A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 481C, G.P.O., Perth. Box 481W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 18C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

STREET

SUBURB

TOWN

STATE

SIZE

Patterns Coupon, 8/10/42.



Special Concession Pattern

AVAILABLE for one month only from date of issue. THREE SUN HATS FOR LITTLE GIRLS To fit children 3 to 6 years of age (Size 20in. head only)

No. 1.—Material required: 1½ yds. 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Material required: 1½ yds. 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Material required: 1½ yds. 36ins. wide.



V.D.C. DISPLAY. Miss C. Poolman and Miss Dorothy Wilby, who are both Assistant State Controllers of V.A.'s, and Mrs. R. W. Hamilton, talk to Brigadier-General Herring at V.D.C. display.



COUNTRY INTEREST. James S. Holt, of Mount Peillar station, via Goulburn, and his bride, Betty Hindley, of Goulburn, leave St. Philip's after their wedding, at which bridegroom's godfather, Bishop Cranwick, officiated.

On and off DUTY.

MRS. DOROTHY McLEISH, hon. director of Red Cross workroom, tells me of new knitting competition that workroom is sponsoring. Garments, which will eventually go to sick and wounded men and women of the Services, may win their knitter a handsome prize as well as bringing comfort to their recipient.

For details of competition, etc., ring Mrs. McLeish, at BW7249.

SERVICE wedding at St. Andrew's Church, Summer Hill, for Cpl. Veneda Donnelly, A.W.A.S., and Captain W. McGee, A.I.F.

Bride, who is attended by her cousin, Mrs. Ruth Kemp, as matron of honor, and Jean Abond and Joyce Wallace as bridesmaids, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Donnelly, of Chateaufort. Bridegroom is the elder son of the late Mr. G. P. McGee, and of Mrs. McGee, of Grafton.

"WE are planning second honeymoon in my home town after the war," says U.S. Staff-Sergeant John Coop, who marries Margaret Caswell at St. Stephen's. As groom comes from Niagara Falls, famed honeymoon resort, it seems altogether suitable.

Margaret is the only daughter of the N. Caswells, of Bellevue Hill and bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Coop, of Niagara Falls, U.S.A.

GLORIA WRIGHT wears white lace over satin and pale pink tulle veil for her wedding to Frederick Ehasz Burton, at Peter-sham Baptist Church.

Gloria, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wright, of Ashfield, is attended by Shirley Powell, and bridegroom, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Burton, of Lewisham, is attended by Mr. Paddy Strachan.



ORCHIDS. Well-known orchid enthusiast, Judge Markell, and Lady Nock, of the A.C.F., inspect prize bloom at orchid show at Anthony Harders' in aid of A.C.F. and Daily Telegraph Christmas Hamper Fund.

ENGAGEMENT announced: Julia, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Grace, of Bellevue Hill, to Lieutenant Lewis Golomb, A.I.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Golomb, of Lindfield.

MRS. L. THOMPSON, of Waverley, decorates her home with spring blossom for 21st birthday party of her daughter, Gloria, who is an A.C.F. in the W.A.A.F.P. Gloria gets leave from Melbourne to coincide with birthday, and has been in the W.A.A.F.P. for over 18 months.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Lieutenant Bill Gorick and his bride, formerly "Bubbles" Green, secretary of the 27th Armored Regiment Younger Set, leave St. Philip's.



FUND ANNIVERSARY. Mrs. R. J. Whiteman, president of the Active Service Comforts Fund, and Mr. Hubert Fairfax, at the fourth anniversary of the Comforts Fund at 51 Darling Point Road.

ARROWS CLUB in Edgecliff Road, to benefit by proceeds of Grail production of "Everyman," at the Town Hall, on October 14.

Stage designs created by well-known sculptor, Dr. A. J. Wetshmann, and architect, J. C. Powell.

CORPORAL DON KELLY, R.A.A.P., and his wife (formerly Joy Patterson) receiving congratulations on birth of a daughter, Baby, who is to be christened Janice, is born on her parents' first wedding anniversary.



VAUCLUSE HOUSE. Jean Hale (left) and Enid Holmes were among crowds who made their annual visit to historic Vacluse House to admire the wistaria.



ENGAGED. Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Agnew, of Grafton, and L.A.C. Noel Munna, R.A.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Munna, of Kelar, South Grafton.

Interesting People

MAJOR-GENERAL E. C. PLANT
... new appointment

DISTINGUISHED soldier of this war and last, Major-General E. C. P. Plant, D.S.O., O.B.E., has just taken up new appointment as General Officer Commanding N.S.W. Lines of Communication Area. Transfers from similar post in Victoria. Commanded brigade in Syria in present war. Is former commandant of Royal Military College, Duntroon. In 1940 was appointed A.D.C. to the King.

MAJOR STELLA SWINNEY
... wants more recruits

A.W.A.S. Assistant Controller, N.S.W. Lines of Communication, Major Stella Swinney, declares: "It's hard work, but intensely interesting. I wouldn't be out of it for anything. Our great need is for more recruits," she says. Was recently promoted to rank of major. Charming, brisk, efficient, she will shortly make tour of inspection of Awas in country camps.

SIR HENRY TIZARD
... aeronautical research

ONE of world's greatest authorities on aeronautics, Sir Henry Tizard, chairman of British Aeronautical Research Committee, is on special mission to Australia for conferences with Australian scientists on aeronautical research and radio location. Is also inspecting war factories and laboratories here. His research work on air warfare, including preparation of new bombs, largely responsible for efficiency of R.A.F.



Betty



Movie World

● Paramount star, Veronica Lake, is now wearing her famous "sheep-dog" hair-do in neat rolls, but here reverts to the old style to offset her colorful peasant costume. At present the diminutive star—she is only 5 feet 2 inches—is recuperating after the

death of her week-old son. Before her illness, Veronica was one of the most successful stars in the War Bond tours, and was hostess at the Hollywood Canteen. She will next be seen in "So Proudly We Hail," with Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard.

THE FUTURE IN A TEA-CUP

I SEE A SHOCK, THEN—WAIT A MINUTE—IT LOOKS LIKE A PLEASANT SURPRISE...

WHOW! SHOCK WAS RIGHT! MY BEST SATIN UNDIES WEARING OUT. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW, MY PRETTY?

WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE LONG AGO, SUGAR.

IF I HAVE ANY INFLUENCE, YOU'RE GOING TO LUX ALL UNDIES AFTER EVERY WEARING—LIKE ANY SMART GIRL.

NIGHTLY LUX-ING HELPS UNDIES TO LAST. IT WHISKS OUT PERSPIRATION BEFORE IT WEAKENS THE MATERIAL.

ENID TOOK THIS ADVICE AND

SOME TIME LATER

UNDIES—WHITE SHOES—LUX... I'D NEVER DARE FORGET MY LUX NOW, BUBBLES DARLING.

THINKS—I'VE A HUNCH THAT FORTUNE WAS RIGHT ABOUT A PLEASANT SURPRISE

STOP THAT RASPING COUGH



Bring quick relief to colds, bronchitis, sore throats.

As soon as you take MOUNTAIN MIXTURE its triple compound of eucalyptus, peppermint and thymus gets to work. It brings rapid, soothing relief from the hacking cough that leaves you breathless, and makes your throat rasped and raw. Soon breathing eases, phlegm breaks and your cold begins to go. Get in touch with MOUNTAIN MIXTURE'S warming relief right away. Buy a bottle to-day under a guarantee of money back unless your cold begins to clear and that hacking cough is soothed at once.

SOOTHES DEEP DOWN

Mountain Mixture
PEPPERMINT

The Moon is Down



1 QUISLING (E. J. Ballantine) works as spy and assists the Germans when they come to invade peaceful Norwegian village.



2 LANSER (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) makes headquarters at home of Mayor (Henry Travers) and wife (Margaret Wycherley), despite protests from friend (Lee J. Cobb).



3 REBELLION of the people culminates in Morden (William Post) killing Nazi officer, and he is executed by Germans the same day.



4 SEEKING FRIENDSHIP, German officer (Peter van Eyck) visits Morden's widow, Molly (Dorris Bowdon), and she kills him.

Foundations of Health

A CONTRIBUTION BY BERLEI TO BETTER LIVING



PERSONALITY IS A STATE OF MIND

Negative or Positive?

Your personality—good, bad, or indifferent—is largely your state of mind. To some extent you are what you think. You develop either a positive or a negative personality, according to the nature of your thinking. Negative and positive personalities are sub-divided into further groups such as "extravert" and "introvert," "aggressive" and "receptive"—and others. These terms are self-explanatory, indicating the forceful, assertive types (positive, extravert, aggressive), and the retiring, self-effacing types (negative, introvert, receptive).

The "Positive" Type

If you are of one of the negative types, you may sometimes envy the girl who always gets what she wants because she "goes" for it. You may look at her and wish you had the strength of mind, or the hardihood to tick off someone who is rude to you, or to get yourself elected as club president as she does. What, then, makes this positive, self-assertive, aggressive type? Vitality is the force behind it all. Without vitality there would have been no Florence Nightingale, or Queen Victoria, or Nurse Cavell—or the many others who have made this world a little better for their courage, devotion, and passionate sense of justice. But whilst vitality may lift its possessor to the front ranks of personal success, it may make her a "menace" to her family and friends. It may make her so selfishly aggressive as even to be a nuisance to society. The worthwhileness of the positive personality depends on how this vitality functions—on the amount of restraint, the strength of the "brakes" that can be applied when energy inclines to take charge over reason. In other words, it is the habitual state of mind of the individual, and the way it affects those with whom its owner comes in contact, which determines "personality."

The "Negative" Type

If you don't do it yourself you surely know someone who is always shirking responsibility on the plea—"I don't think it can be done," "if I felt better," or "if I had the money," and so on. These people can always find a reason for never accomplishing very much. They are always "ifing" and "butting," and anticipating failure. Often they are lazy, subject to common ailments and, often, at least one chronic complaint, such as asthma or indigestion, which provides a get-out from any task that promises to irk them.

This negative attitude towards life may be due solely to lack of vitality. It may be due to indifferent health, or it may have its roots in some psychological complex fostered by doting parents who were themselves too weak to form their child's character properly.

Such negatives rarely become leaders. If they are able to, they choose the more sedentary work and pastimes. On the whole they are cheerless, pessimistic, apprehensive and weak-willed. They rarely desire anything with sufficient strength to achieve it, and make few friends because friendships carry ties and obligations. They are fearful of the unknown, jib at every risk and think in terms of personal safety, comfort and security.

As personalities, these people merge into the crowd. When they enter a room they make little impression and when they leave they are rarely missed. They never dare to live dangerously.

Fortunately for both types, negative and positive people have a capacity for enjoying life and being happy—each in their own way.

The most common cause of joylessness is anxiety—and that is another name for fear. You may fail to enjoy a holiday, a smart new outfit, or your nicely furnished home, because you fear it has cost you too much money. You may refuse to marry a man you are really fond of for fear he will not live up to your ideal of a husband. And so on.

This article will be continued in the next issue of this journal. Look for it.

Berlei
TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS



Pears SOAP
Every baby's bathright



A message to the women of Australia from the wife of the Prime Minister.

5 DYNAMITE is dropped from planes by R.A.F. to assist Norwegian people in their work of sabotage.



6 THE MAYOR and leading citizens are held as hostages to prevent further outbreak, but sabotage continues, and they are killed.

Drama of Occupied Norway

THERE is a note of realism pervading the 20th Century-Fox picturisation of John Steinbeck's novel of the year, "The Moon is Down." Motion pictures taken during the Nazi invasion of Norway, and secretly brought to America via England, account for the authenticity of the scenes.

Steinbeck has created a powerful and gripping story of the valiant Norwegians and their unconquerable spirit in face of the Nazi invasion, and, with a hand-picked cast, this story becomes a human and touching film that is stirring in its dramatic intensity.

LIBERTY...

- LET'S FIGHT FOR IT!
- LET'S SAVE FOR IT!
- LET'S FILL THE LOAN FOR IT!

LIBERTY...

- Liberty means life itself! Place it above everything. Show your appreciation of the Australian way of life by subscribing all you can in the Fourth Liberty Loan. In this way you will contribute to Australia's safety today and your own prosperity in the future.

Message Sponsored by

KAYSER

A basic black frock to greet the spring

● A simply designed black crepe dress with V-cut front to the waist. Underneath it wear a variety of dickies — changes it beyond recognition each time. Here it is with a white, sheer linen front (it can easily be made from a worn summer dress), high-collared, and accented with a narrow red necktie — add a wide green cummerbund.



● A yellow crepe front with revers worn over the collarless neckline of the dress, outlined with a self-frilled and buttoned front, will give the frock a tailored appearance. Match up the front with soft, befrilled cuffs.

● At night wear a gay-printed scarf, scarf-fashion over your head, knotted loosely under your chin, and tucked into the front of your black frock. A printed silk scarf like this can be most successfully made from an old floral evening dress.

● Then you must have at least one front of frothy white, frilled and ruffled and lace-edged if you can manage some lace. When you want to feel particularly feminine, add further charm with a flippant veiled hat.

Reus



Fresh as a Spring Breeze

That's you when you use Liquid Odo-ro-no which you need use as little as once a week.

Every woman must decide for herself just how often she must use Odo-ro-no (for physical control varies) but regularity of use guarantees infallible results. Develop the regular habit of Odo-ro-no, and dismiss the threat of perspiration for a week or more.

Odo-ro-no is a doctor's prescription. It comes in two strengths: "Regular," the most effective perspiration check ever made, and "Instant," milder for women with especially sensitive skin.



ODO-RO-NO

1/1, 2/2 and 3/3

Here's
Joan Bennett

telling you how she cares for a million-dollar complexion. Like you, perhaps, she gives much of her time to war work.



★ I USE
LUX TOILET
SOAP EVERY
DAY. SKIN FEELS
SOFTER, SMOOTHER
— LOOKS SO
FRESH!

★ Actual statement by
JOAN BENNETT,
Columbia Star, now in
"A YANK IN DUTCH"

JOAN BENNETT
IS RIGHT....
LUX TOILET SOAP IS
A WONDERFUL BEAUTY
AID AFTER A
TIRING DAY, AND
NOT A BIT
EXTRAVAGANT!



A LEVER PRODUCT

LT. 92.24.

FIVE pounds was yours, and the other five was mine," said Danny. "I happened to come in just as it was going off to the woman with the sick kid, somewhere or other."

Christine looked at Carol. "So you've been disobeying my orders, have you?" said Christine. "Thinking you know better than I do. I told you no money was ever to be sent. These people make a profession of it, and think I'm fool enough to fall into the trap."

Carol was so eager to make her understand that the words came tumbling out all anyhow.

"But Miss Romare, don't you see. She must have been genuine, or she wouldn't have known how to thank. If she'd written to ask anyone else, don't you see?"

"You have been getting above yourself for some time," Christine said icily. "I've noticed it, and it's very, very annoying. I'll talk to you later."

She's allergic to me now, thought Carol, panic-stricken, as she returned to her room.

Christine wore her smartest frock and hat the day she met Danny for lunch at the well-known hotel he had suggested. People turned to look after her admiringly, whispering to each other who she was.

Danny looked glum. Danny, of late, had been glum, and Christine knew it. She had been through one of her temperamental phases, and led him a dance, but now it was over. She'd have to make it up to Danny.

She ordered lunch, then held out her hand to him over the table. Danny did not respond. Danny behaved as if her hand were just another dinner roll that he didn't want.

"There's something I want to say to you, Christine."

"I know, dear," she said, leaning over towards him.

He cleared his throat.

"I brought you here to say it because it seems to me it's the only place I can be sure there won't be a scene, and you'll have to hear me out

I Must Have Romance

Continued from page 5

quietly. I can't stand any more scenes. It was a big mistake from the start, you and me thinking we could ever make a go of it together."

She stared at him horrified. She couldn't believe it. She was ten years older than he was, but he didn't know. She had taken great care he should never know, and she didn't look it. She turned suddenly cold. He was talking quietly, reasonably.

"I've felt that you've realised it, too. We were just silly and romantic. It was the moon on the sea made us see visions and dream dreams about each other that weren't true at all. And now we've woken up, let's face the fact bravely."

She tried to pull herself together and stop crying, but she couldn't.

"Is there anyone else?" she asked hoarsely. She had to know. Danny said nothing, but his face told her. She couldn't bear any more. She got up and stumbled out of the restaurant, and into a taxi.

When she got back to her suite there was someone else there. A man in the lobby, waiting, with a suitcase.

"I was passing through town, so I thought I'd look in and see you," he said. He had a patient Great Dane look. "Why, Chris, what's wrong?"

A

At the wing-commander's word the navigator flashed a cheery message of encouragement on the lamp, while the wireless operator didn't need to be told to signal to base the position of the raft with the number of men on board. In another few minutes a message came back: "Remain as long as you can. Relief plane coming. Nearest destroyer fifty miles bearing 320 from you."

News of the destroyer was flashed to the raft by lamp to give them further encouragement. Dusk was falling fast now and low clouds were closing in and threatening to precipitate the dark.

After half an hour the wing-commander gave an order for a flare to be dropped. This would mark the position of the raft and would continue burning for some time. It would give indispensable help to the relief plane to spot the exact position.

Another half-hour went by. They couldn't stay longer than a few minutes more. As it was they would need to use their reserve tank to get home. The pilot decided to drop four more flares, a hundred yards from each corner of the raft.

Five more minutes and the lights of the relief plane were seen. The raft could safely be left now, and they winged their way home in the fast increasing dark.

On his return to the officers' mess Harris had little time to do more than have a bath and late dinner before reporting for duty again in the operations room for the night shift. He reckoned the rescued men would be put ashore in the early hours of the morning and could hardly keep his thoughts from the parents—sweethearts—or friends of those in whose rescue he had played the small part of spectator.

The night watch was completely uneventful. All the necessary details for the morning had been worked out by midnight and the first aircraft were not due to take off till five-thirty.

The crews had reported and left with their instructions at five o'clock and Harris was waiting for the phone to ring which would be the duty pilot to announce the first departure.

The bell rang. He took up the receiver. "Operations room." A

ASTHMA Curbed Quickly

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vigor so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The chemist guarantees, protects you.

Mendaco
Relieves Asthma... Now 6/- and 12/-

The Raft

Continued from page 7

distant voice—not too clear—said: "Is that the R.A.F.?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Just a minute, sir. The S.N.O. (mentioning a well-known port up the coast) wants to speak to you."

A long pause.

"Hullo. Hallo. Can I speak to Squadron-Leader Harris? It's rather important—"

He interrupted quickly, almost fiercely: "Yes, yes, Squadron-Leader Harris speaking."

"Oh." The voice became more distant again, but he thought he detected a lighter tone in it—almost of badinage. Then: "Well, I've got a message for you. Will you hold on a minute?"

Another long pause. He tried to

keep calm, but his heart was pounding, racing. "What—?"

"Hullo. Just a minute, sir."

"Dad! Hallo Dad! That you?"

Yes, Tom... Yes."

He never did catch the next words clearly. He felt his heart was going to burst. Pictures of Tom Jean, passed in rapid succession through his brain. He just caught snatches of what the boy was trying to tell him.

"Brought him down... on one engine... a hundred miles... rubber dinghy."

Then he did get a consecutive sentence clearly.

"Picked up by a lumber ship after seven hours. Torpedoed... raft on

(Copyright)



"So quick... and it cleans so many things so well!"

Enamel stoves, metal fixtures, sinks, baths, pots and pans, windows and mirrors—you can count on Bon Ami to clean them all quickly, easily... and safely! For unlike coarse, harsh cleansers, Bon Ami doesn't scratch. Instead, it polishes as it cleans. Helps keep things smooth, shiny, new-looking. That's so important now when many household things are hard to replace.

Bon Ami
for all your
household cleaning



TONIC FOR SPRING FACES

● Look younger, fresh, lovelier . . . massage will tone up muscles and rejuvenate a winter-tired skin.

By MARY ROSE, our Beauty Expert

IF you use upward and outward strokes when creaming your face at night you are certainly helping to keep your skin fresh and youthful-looking. There is nothing finer than massage for the skin. The ritual attendant on a professional massage has a psychological effect on you. You feel fresh and beautiful.

Nowadays few can indulge in beauty parlor face treatments, but you can give yourself a facial in the privacy of your own bedroom.

It is necessary to cleanse the skin thoroughly, then apply cream generously. Using the finger-tips of both hands (which have been dipped in the cream), start from the centre of chin and work out along the jawbone and up to the temples. Then work up and out from the corners of the mouth, from the nose, then from the bridge of the nose and from the outward corners of the eyes. All upward and outward movements, remember.

Go gently near the eyes. Be sure you do not stretch the skin. You can tap gently around the eyes with the tip of the third finger, but be sure you have creamed the skin well beforehand.

The next step: Using the backs of both hands alternately, slap the under-chin until it tingles. Now wring a small towel out of hot water and apply to face for a few seconds.

Remove, and wipe surplus cream from face, using, of course, upward and outward movements. Then plunge towel in ice-cold water, wring, and apply to face for 10 or 12 seconds.

Remove, and dry face gently with a soft towel. Repeat this treatment at least twice a week, and you'll look—lovely!

DON'T OVERLOOK the value of massage in your beauty regime. A few hints on home massage are given above, but if you find a girl friend with "magic" in her finger-tips to give you a facial, so much the better.

There's no such thing as spring fever!

AMONG the many patients awaiting me at the surgery to-day were two complaining of "spring fever."

The symptoms were the same—headache and mild gastritis, temperatures were up, and tongues furred. I advised home and a warm bed, light food, mainly fruit juices and salads, and told them they did not have "spring fever."

The idea that spring is responsible for some complaints is just another popular fallacy. However, it is true that there is a tendency to

● The idea that spring is responsible for some complaints is just another popular fallacy.

By MEDICO

feel not quite up to par at this time of the year. This is actually due to a lowered resistance of the body, which, in turn, is caused by a number of factors working together.

One of these factors is the habit of not eating enough fresh fruit and salad vegetables during the winter months. This leaves the body with insufficient protection from infection.

Another factor is that during the cooler weather we are apt to become a little less careful about the way we keep highly perishable foods, like meat and milk.

It only needs one warm day to take us unawares. In no time our food will develop enough bacteria to cause a gastric disturbance.

Then there is another factor, not quite so obvious perhaps, but worth considering. People are not taking so many holidays, and they miss the rejuvenating breaks.

GARDEN NEWS

CULTIVATE soil between rows of vegetables regularly to conserve moisture and to aerate soil. All plants make longer root-growth in soil that is kept friable.

KEEP down weeds in onion beds by hand—don't use the hoe when the bulbs have grown to any size, or you may injure them—permitting fungi to gain access.

SOW bean seeds every two or three weeks. The best dwarf types are Brown Beauty, Burnley Selection, Canadian, Tweed, and Hawkesbury Wonders, and the climbing Epicure.

IF growing spring cabbage, feed up plants with dilute nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia—2oz. to 4 gallons—every week once the vegetables start to develop hearts. Lettuces may be treated in the same way. Silver beet, also, appreciates an occasional dose of nitrogen given in this way.

HILL up the potatoes when they are about 1ft. high. This prevents them being blown about and snapped off during blustery winds, increases the yield, and prevents potato moth from gaining access to any exposed tubers.

SOW seed of round-seeded spinach for summer months. This excellent vegetable is rich in iron and other vitamins, and is delicious.

AIM at sowing a wide range of vegetables this spring, and don't sow too much of any one kind.



SCHOOLBOYS are pretty tough on their clothes, so reinforce weak spots. Sew small pieces of fabric inside elbow. Fix torn buttonholes.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

DON'T overlook spring cleaning, even if you are a busy woman. My advice: Do one room at a time.

IF young Bill upsets his cocoa or your tea or coffee over the tablecloth, rinse cloth immediately. Rub soap over stain, sprinkle borax over before boiling.

BORAX is also good for removing fruit stains from linen. Soak in a strong solution of borax; also add borax to the copper in which stained linen is boiled.

WHIP up a dressing-table in no time simply by fitting two boards together in a corner at required height. Support by brackets, paint and flounce.

Peggy Sage

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Manicure

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lustre to pots
& pans

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Whitney. In America, this lovely member of society is known as "dare-devil 'Liz' Whitney." She earned this title through her dare-devil riding and exciting beauty. She too is a devotee of the Pond's beauty ritual. She uses Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base. Used together, Pond's two creams keep skin flawlessly lovely, soft and smooth.



Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing. Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further.

Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.

Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply lightly before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness—and helps protect against wind and weather, too!



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MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY



MINTED CREAM CHEESE on chilled pineapple slices, with strawberries and crisp salad greens... for a cool summer luncheon... colorful, healthful, easy to prepare.



STRAWBERRIES tossed in sugar... for a leisurely Sunday breakfast.



ICED MELON BALLS, strawberries, and lemon dressing... a dinner appetizer for summer-willed appetites.



FRESHLY MADE BRAN MUFFINS with strawberry-topped grapefruit or orange... delicious for buffet meal.



DINNER CUP CAKES, filled with crumbed mock cream... see the recipe on this page.

SWEETNESS, flavor, appetite-provoking color... these are the qualities that give strawberries their table appeal. They look and taste good; they have also nutritive qualities, mineral content, and, of course, vitamin value.

STRAWBERRY BREAD CUSTARD

(Glamorise the familiar nursery pudding)

Two tin, slices bread, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 3oz. sugar, 1 dozen strawberries, 1 tablespoon strawberry jam. Cut the bread into finger lengths and place in greased oven-proof dish. Beat the egg-yolks and half the sugar. Beat in the milk and pour over the bread. Bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) until lightly set, about 30 minutes. Spread strawberry jam on top, cover with meringue of the egg-whites whipped with remaining sugar. Return to oven and cook until the meringue is lightly set and fawn color. Garnish with sliced strawberries.

Continued on opposite page

STRAWBERRY TOPSY TURVIES

One cup sliced strawberries (washed and hulled), 1 dessert spoon lemon juice, 1 dessert spoon honey, 1 dessert spoon melted butter or margarine, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon clarified dripping, 1 tea-spoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk. Heat the lemon juice, honey, and butter, and add to the strawberries. Spoon the mixture into greased patty tins. Sift the flour, rub in the dripping, add the sugar, beaten eggs, lemon juice, and milk, mixing to a smooth batter. Three-quarters fill the patty tins with this mixture, scooping mixture so that it rises with a flat top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Turn out with the strawberry mixture on top, and serve hot.

STRAWBERRY FLUFF CHARLOTTE

(A delicious dinner sweet)

Three egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons sugar, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 3 egg-whites, 3 more tablespoons sugar, 1 cup sliced strawberries, finger biscuits or sponge fingers. Beat the egg-yolks and sugar together. Stir in the lemon rind and juice, and cook over boiling water until the consistency of custard. Cool, and fold in the three egg-whites, beaten with 3 tablespoons sugar. Line sweets dishes with finger biscuits or split sponge fingers. Spoon in the strawberry fluff. Chill and serve garnished with mint sprigs.



COLOR ON THE TABLE is a morale lifter for the family. Always strive to give menus eye-appeal as well as nutritive balance.

Strawberries for gala menus

RECIPES given on this page for the use of strawberries are simple to make and attractive to look at.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

STRAWBERRY SALAD APPETISERS

Stuffed Cantaloup and Strawberries: This may be served as a first course salad or as a dinner sweet. Cut the melon into rings and remove the outside rind, leaving the orange-colored fruit ring. Place on glass plate, if possible placing on a tender green grape-vine leaf. Fill the centre with chopped green jelly. Garnish the top of this with sliced strawberries.

Strawberries with Minted Pineapple Sticks: Peel a pineapple, remove the eyes with a sharp-pointed knife, slice lengthwise, and cut into thin square sticks. Roll in freshly chopped mint. Place in apoke fashion on a glass dish. Garnish the top of each stick with halved or quartered strawberries. Serve very cold.

Cream Cheese and Strawberry Salad: Shred lettuce finely and toss in a lemon dressing. Top with cream cheese balls and garnish with sliced strawberries.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE FROSTING

(This is simple enough for a very special cake)

One cup crushed strawberries, 2/3rd cup white sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Place all together in a large bowl and beat with an egg-beater until light and stiff. Spread over the cake.

RHUBARB AND STRAWBERRY CONSERVE

(An excellent filling for little tarts, or try it for sweet sandwiches)

Four cups of strawberries (washed and hulled), 4 cups 1-inch sliced rhubarb, 1 lemon, 3 cups sugar, 1 cup water.

Make a syrup of the sugar and water. Add the lemon juice, and pour over the mixed strawberries and rhubarb. Stand overnight. Heat, stirring gently, until the mixture boils. Boil for 10 minutes or until the mixture thickens and bubbles burst as they come to the top.

THREE-WAY BROWNIE

(Serve with sugared, sliced strawberries)

Six ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. brown sugar or golden syrup, 2oz. dripping, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 or 2 eggs, 2 table-spoons milk, pinch of bicarbonate of soda.

Sift the flour and cinnamon. Rub in the fat and add the sugar or syrup, lemon rind, and juice. Mix lightly in the beaten egg and then the milk to which the soda has been added. Cook in spoonfuls on a greased tray in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes or in a greased bar tin for 30 minutes. Serve the bar cake, hot, in slices with strawberry sauce or sliced strawberries. Or serve cold as a tea

cake topped with strawberries or with strawberry frosting. Serve the cookies as an accompaniment to a dish of chilled, sliced, and sugared strawberries.

DINNER CUP CAKES

(Scoop, fill with mock cream, whipped with the scooped crumbs, and top with strawberries)

Four ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. dripping or margarine, 2oz. sugar, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg, 4 table-spoons milk, 1 cup mock cream or custard, strawberries or other fruit (bananas, peaches, passion-fruit) for garnish.

Cream the fat, sugar, lemon rind and juice. Whip in the egg, beating until smooth and creamy. Add the sifted flour and milk, mixing quickly to a smooth drop consistency. Spoon into fairly large greased patty tins. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. These are best served very fresh, and preferably still warm. Scoop out the tops and lightly crumb and fold into the mock cream or custard. Spoon back into the cake and top with sliced fruit. Serve as dinner sweet.



"BO... HERE'S A CONUNDRUM. WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?"

"I CAN'T ANSWER DAT!"

"WHEN IT'S A JAR!"

"OKAY - NOW IT'S MY TURN. WHY IS I LIKE A NILE HANDKERCHIEF?"

"WHY IS YOU LIKE A NILE HANDKERCHIEF? SAY, I DUNNO."

"'CAUSE... LIKE NILE HANDKERCHIEFS... MAH COLOR NEVAH FADES!"

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Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone, and clean kidneys and bladder, and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly, and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful, or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles—

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"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles, although I am 48 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it." (Signed) M. L. Zeman, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

Now Able to Walk Without Stick

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Simply write or type out your recipe clearly, check it over, sign your name in block letters, and mail to us.

This week's prize-winners:

CANBERRA CUTLETS

Two pounds rib chops or required number cutlets, thick white sauce, 1 scant tablespoon bacon fat, 1 rasher bacon or bacon pieces, 1 tablespoon finely chopped eschalot or grated onion, 1 heaped tablespoon parsley (chopped), 1 sliced tomato or 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 egg, and egg and breadcrumbs.

Make thick sauce this way: Melt bacon fat, add 1 level tablespoon plain flour, stir, and cook till it foams. Add 1 cup milk (cold), all at once. Stir all the time until thick; add pepper and salt to taste. Remove from heat, add 1 beaten egg, mix well, return to heat, stir until thick. Chop bacon finely, chop eschalot or grate onion, chop parsley (keeping a little for garnishing). Chop tomato after removing skin.

Now melt bacon fat in saucepan. Toss eschalot, bacon, parsley, and tomato in this, and cook for few minutes. Drain off remaining fat; add this mixture to thick sauce, mix well. Have cutlets prepared (remove excess fat and any gristle), roll in seasoned flour.

Coat each cutlet with mixture while warm. Dip straight away into fine browned breadcrumbs. When all are coated, beat other egg, and dip each in egg and breadcrumbs. Press and shape with knife.

Melt 2 tablespoons fat in baking dish. Place cutlets in and bake at moderate heat 30 to 45 minutes. Turn once, half-way through cooking time. Drain on kitchen paper before serving. Garnish with parsley. Serve with carrot straws, cabbage, or spinach and mashed potatoes.

These are most delicious cutlets, and economical to make. I find it best to buy rib chops, and shape into cutlets. Also buy threepennyworth bacon pieces instead of using bacon



LITTLE JAM TARTS, meringue topped, are delicious for dessert or tea. Serve hot or cold.

rasers. This will also supply needed bacon fat.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Thompson, 76 Elizabeth St., Granville, N.S.W.

COLCANNON FRITTERS

White heart of cabbage, potatoes, butter, salt, pepper, 1 egg, self-raising flour, milk, dripping.

Boil cabbage and potatoes until well cooked, mash very well together with butter, salt, and pepper. Beat egg, and make a batter with milk and self-raising flour. Take a large tablespoon of colcannon, dip in batter, and fry until a golden brown in boiling dripping.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Alex M. Rae, 186 Nicholson St., Bairnsdale, Vic.

LITTLE BRAIN PIES

Line some patty-tins with good short pastry, prick, and bake a light brown. Wash and skin 2 sets sheep's brains, and cook in enough milk to cover, adding pepper and salt to taste. Simmer for a few minutes.

Have ready a hard-boiled egg cut up very finely. Beat brains well with a fork, add egg and liquid in which brains were cooked, and thicken with 1 teaspoon cornflour, add 1 teaspoon parsley. Fill patty-tins with mixture, sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs, and bake a nice brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. A. Fry, West Parkway, Reade Park, Adelaide.

Strawberry recipes

From opposite page

STRAWBERRY JAM

(Delicious with tiny hot tea scones)

One quart measure of strawberries, 2½ cups sugar.

Wash and hull the strawberries before measuring. Crush in a pan; add the sugar. Heat quickly and boil rapidly until clear. This jam is not very thick. For a more jellied result it is necessary to add lemon.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 3 egg-yolks, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup crushed strawberries, cochineal, 3 egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, cooked pastry case, strawberries and mint for garnishing.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for 5 minutes. Beat the egg-yolks, 1 cup sugar, lemon juice, and salt, and cook over boiling water until of a custard consistency. Add the softened gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Add the strawberry pulp and color, if liked, with a little cochineal. Cool, and when the mixture begins to set, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites, to which have been added the 1 cup of sugar. Pile into the pastry case, and garnish with sliced strawberries and mint sprigs.

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By Our Mothercraft Nurse

IT is most important for a child to learn habits of self-help early in life.

The individual who has been encouraged to be self-reliant from his earliest years stands a much better chance of making a happier adjustment to others in childhood and adult life than one who has never had any practice in being independent and who has been "over-mothered" since infancy.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded to you if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4083W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



HAPPY LITTLE SUSAN, pictured above, early showed a spirit of independence and self-help which her mother wisely encouraged. Susan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Lucy, of Beauty Point, Moosman, N.S.W.

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